

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 728.—VOL. XXVIII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 14, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[AT THE GRANGE.]

MORLEY GRANGE;

OR,

DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY FITZDONALD was idly playing with the teaspoon in her delicate coffee cup, a look of listless indifference on her face, only brightened when little Maurice made some pretty appeal from over his silver tray, when the nurse was overseeing his morning repast.

Presently the butler made his appearance with an apologetic bow, and a face full of important news.

"Oh, my lady, do you know anything about Mr. Somers, where he has gone?"

Lady Fitzdonald contracted her shapely eyebrows, and bit her lips, as she returned haughtily:

"Pray, Lesley, what do you expect me to know about the overseer?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon, but did he go on any errand for you? He went out on horseback yesterday morning, and neither he nor the horse has returned. And the fisherman, who has just been here, says there was a terrible accident down below on the road leading to Fort's Close. A man on horseback nearly, if not quite, killed, and James is sure he saw Mr. Somers' horse on that road yesterday. James was over on trying the new reaper on the Horley Farm."

Her ladyship was startled now. She arose from her seat at the table, her face growing almost as white as the hue of her cashmere wrapper.

"Why do you come to me for directions? How dare you delay in such stupid fashion?" cried she. "Send off men at once, and let me know the result at once. Call the best surgeons, and wherever he is let no expense be spared for his comfort. Hurry;

lose not a moment. It is inconceivably stupid in you that you should wait for my directions to do this," she exclaimed, energetically.

The butler looked puzzled, but he bowed in silence, and went out. In another moment two horsemen were heard galloping furiously out of the yard.

Lady Fitzdonald heard them, and went to the window and looked out, beating her fingers restlessly against the frame.

Maurice having finished his breakfast, came running to her.

"Oh, mamma," cried he, "will Mr. Somers be put in the ground under the monument, like papa. And shall we go and carry flowers to him?"

Lady Fitzdonald pushed him away from her with angry indignation, and then the next moment she caught him up and covered his face with kisses.

"Maurice! Maurice!" said she. "Shall you be sorry for Mr. Somers? He was a good friend of yours."

"Oh, yes, mamma. He does not bring me so many toys as Mr. Langton; nor talks so much love before you, but when you are gone out Mr. Somers does everything for me. He puts me on the pony, he takes me on his horse's back with him, he makes me things—such cunning water wheels, and carts, and he tells me stories—such beautiful stories, mamma—about what a great man I must be, and how much good I can do, and all that. And he kisses me too, but it is never when you are with me, like Mr. Langton. What is the reason, mamma?"

Every word of this innocent prattle was like a stab to the proud woman who heard it, but clasping the child closely in her arms, she could only repeat mournfully:

"Oh, Maurice! My innocent Maurice!"

Maurice was presently tired of the strained uncomfortable position, and begged to go out with the nurse, and Lady Fitzdonald was left alone.

She sat with her hands clenched rather than clasped across her breast; her face pallid and stern; her eyes fixed on the courtyard beneath. Presently

a horse, reeking with rapid driving, dashed up to the steps, and the rider dismounted. With eyes glistening feverishly Lady Fitzdonald flung up the window and bent out.

"What news?" she said, hoarsely.

"Indeed, my lady, bad news, I fear. I met Dr. Wallace's boy, and there were two of them riding in the lane by Fort's Close, and one of them was certainly near killed, for the doctor has been there all night, and another surgeon with him, over an amputation of some sort, and the boy says our Mr. Somers was certainly there, because he heard young Ford tell about finding the man lying under the horse, and he is sure he heard his name. And since he has not come home it stands to reason it is he who is hurt."

Lady Fitzdonald did not answer a single word. She had sunk into her seat sick and giddy. Amputation! Horrible word!

She thought of Arthur Somers, strong, vigorous, active, in his young manhood, a cripple, and the very foundation under her feet seemed reeling and awaying, as if refusing her support. But she found her way to the side-board, and drank a glass of water, and in a little time was calm and steady enough to decide upon her course.

She rang the bell, and gave orders for her horse to be saddled in a calm voice, and went to her room alone, and without her maid's help put on her riding-dress and hat, and drew on her gauntlets all without a single glance at the mirror. Was she afraid to see the stern whiteness of her own face?

The horse was at the door as she descended the steps.

"Is John or Tilson to accompany you for escort?" asked the man.

"Neither," replied Lady Fitzdonald. "I shall go alone."

"But, your ladyship," remonstrated the faithful servant, "it is hardly safe. Only think what a magnificent rider Mr. Somers has always been. He has not been used lately either. Please take John with you." She smiled mournfully.

"Thank you for your solicitude, Lesley, but there is no danger. I am going to Mrs. Fort's to inquire about the accident. John may follow after me in half-an-hour. Time enough to look after me and escort me home."

And she shook out the reins and gave Bess her will. They were harrowing thoughts which kept company with the proud Lady Fitzdonald as she rode swiftly forward, and no wonder she did not care for a curious attendant near to watch the face over which the hot tears poured, and to whose cold pallor the fresh morning air brought no tinge of colour.

He was lying maimed, bruised, dying. Perhaps even now he was dead. He had gone on to that sphere where earthly distinctions of rank are so poor and trivial; and he could see, too, what a false, cowardly position she had taken. How she loathed and hated herself!

On dashed Bess, and as she came to a curve of the road the sagacious creature pricked up her ears and gave a joyful neigh; as if Bess could meet one of her stable friends and not say "Good morning."

A louder whinny came in response. If Bess knew Black Roger was coming, Black Roger was gallant enough to respond promptly. But the riders, with instincts far less subtle than these dumb animals, knew nothing.

Lady Fitzdonald, with drooping head and downcast eyes, swept round the turn of the road full upon Arthur Somers, also riding listlessly, with a heart oppressed with sadness.

Bess and Black Roger manifested their delight by curvetting and whinnying, but Lady Fitzdonald and Arthur Somers sat silent, staring at each other in dumb amazement. Her ladyship was the first to recover speech.

"Safe—safe! Oh, Arthur, you are safe. Now I can hear anything."

And then overcome by the sudden reaction from her intense alarm, she lost entire command of herself, and burst into tears, and sat trembling like a leaf in the saddle, her face so deadly pale, that Arthur, expecting every moment to see her fall, sprang down and hurried to her side.

"You are ill, Lady Fitzdonald," said he, at an utter loss to comprehend her agitation, or her words. "Where is your attendant that you are here on this lonely road alone?"

For a little time she could not speak, but as soon as the faintness and giddiness left her, she said wistfully:

"It is not their fault. I would have no one with me. Do not blame anyone but me?"

"Blame! What right have I to blame Lady Fitzdonald?" replied Arthur, hastily. "But what could bring you here evidently so ill, and unfit for the ride?"

Her ladyship put up her gauntleted hand to loosen the silken scarf tied round her throat, for it seemed that the conflicting emotions of pride and mortification and glad relief would strangle her.

"It is of no consequence now, I will go back," faltered she.

He gave another keen glance into her agitated face, as he asked:

"Are you sure you are able to sit in the saddle?"

"Quite able!" and the first tinge of colour drifted into her cheek, as she withdrew from the support his arm had given her.

He bowed in silence, and went back to Black Roger, and mounting, guided him to her side.

They rode only a short distance, when they saw John hurrying forward at his best pace. He pulled up abruptly, with his face all aglow, as he saw her ladyship's companion.

"Oh, Mr. Somers, it does my eyes good to see you. Then it's all a hoax, that horrible story of your being half killed, and a leg amputated, and all that. Her ladyship didn't go all the way to Fort's Close, did she?"

Arthur Somers understood the whole now, and though his heart was bounding tumultuously he answered quietly:

"Yes, John, I am safe and sound, thanks for your solicitude. You may ride on, if her ladyship is willing, to inquire for Mr. Sidney Tennant at the house at Fort's Close. I wish to hear the surgeon's last report. It was he who was injured, and I found him, which accounts, I suppose, for my name being mixed up in the matter. I will attend her ladyship safely back to Morley Grange."

John received his mistress's nod of acquiescence, and rode on. Lady Fitzdonald, colouring crimson beneath the dark eyes fixed gravely on her face, pulled impatiently at her reins. They rode on in profound silence for a little time, and then the lady, hot and uncomfortable, and half angry, broke it by saying:

"Is it Mr. Sidney Tennant, the author, who is injured?"

"Yes, your ladyship, and my absence has been owing to the accident. I brought help and we took him to Fort's Close, and then I left him in the surgeon's care and went for his wife, Lady Fitzdonald, amidst all the sorrow and anguish of this past night I have seen that which has made me bless Heaven, I have seen a true and perfect wedded love, the restful peace which dropped upon his haggard face when his wife crept to his side, the holy, fervent devotion of hers, which held down his anguish and terror to give him all possible comfort, was inexpressibly beautiful. The house, too, such peace, and joy and thorough confidence dwell in it as realised my fondest visions. Yes, there is such a thing as perfect wedded love. I thank Heaven that I have seen it, and more than ever I abhor and detest the shame and mockery with which the majority of people go to the altar!"

Lady Fitzdonald's hand trembled as it dropped the veil to hide her quivering lips.

"Yes," repeated he with still more bitter emphasis. "More than ever I realise how wrong and sinful in the sight of Heaven it is for a woman to bind herself to any man, however worthy, if he does not hold her heart's fondest hopes and truest affection. How it is tempting Providence; drawing down upon herself all the sorrow and disappointment such a union must bring to her, losing the golden bliss to which she has her inborn claim."

His voice shook with suppressed passion, and presently he added, gravely:

"I wish it had been my fate instead of his, that is if he must die. The world can ill afford to lose such a man. And that home! I could sacrifice my own poor desolate life a dozen times to save that home for a bright example to the world."

"Do you think he will die?" asked Lady Fitzdonald, in a timid voice.

"I fear it; I see that Dr. Wallace is very much alarmed."

Another silence. Lady Fitzdonald was struggling with her agitation.

Her companion kept his eyes on the ground, his face grave and stern.

Suddenly she flung up the veil and turned upon him her beautiful face, the eyes wet with proud tears, the lips quivering like a grieved child.

"Arthur Somers," said she, "I, too, have had my lesson, and I shall profit by its teachings. I have looked into the very depths of my heart to-day—almost, it seems, as if I had also looked into the very grave itself."

She drew off her gloves hastily and held up to him the fair, white hand.

"See!" said she, "it is free from Sir Reginald's ring. It shall never wear that of Roland Langton. It shall know no fetter except—the king whose royal throne is in my heart shall put one there!"

And when she finished Lady Fitzdonald dropped the veil again, to hide her crimson cheeks.

Arthur Somers' face was kindled into a beauty she had never seen before.

"Lady Fitzdonald, now at last I can honour you as much as I love you," said he, simply. "I thank Heaven for what you have said, believing that you mean it all. Not because of my selfish jealousy of Mr. Langton, but for your sake, who will not stoop from womanhood's loftiest heights, who will keep yourself high and pure."

"Is that all he will say?" questioned Lady Fitzdonald's heart, almost angrily. "When I have betrayed so much, will he give me so little in return?"

But Arthur Somers went on telling her about the Tennants, and did not allude to anything personal again. Poor Lady Fitzdonald tried to answer cheerfully and seem interested, but her heart sank heavier and heavier.

As he lifted her from the saddle, at the great stone steps of her beautiful and stately home, the over-seer murmured:

"And so you thought me dying—possibly dead? Did you give a prying thought to the hapless fate of your faithful servant?"

"You are cruel!" answered the lady, reproachfully. "You know you have made me show you all my thoughts. Perhaps you despise me for this unwomanly confession."

"I never honoured you so heartily and thoroughly, never one half so much as now," returned he, impetuously. "But still, Lady Fitzdonald, you are proud and so am I!"

As he spoke the last word, he bowed toward the group of servants who came hurrying out with their congratulations upon his safety.

"Unkind, ungenerous," murmured Lady Fitzdonald, angrily, and hurried away to her chamber, locking herself away from her maid, her father, and even little Maurice, while she relieved her tortured

mind with a flood of bitter tears. But she smiled brightly as she wiped them away.

"Perverse as he is, I admire him the more. He is indeed my hero, my lord, my king."

Roland Langton presented himself that afternoon, and was mortified, astonished, overwhelmed to receive a calm, grave refusal of the new ring he had brought her.

"But, Lady Fitzdonald," said he, "this is very strange, unexampled. What have I done to offend you?"

"Nothing whatever, Mr. Langton. It is only that I have discovered I was about to offend myself. I confess that you have been ill-used, but not so much, Mr. Langton, not half so much as if I should marry you. Remember that and be contented."

"But it is impossible for me to be contented. I am sure you have heard something. Some obvious rival has slandered me. Lady Fitzdonald, you must hear me. You must marry me," exclaimed he with desperate energy.

"Most! Mr. Langton," exclaimed her ladyship, arching her neck haughtily. "That is a word which has no place in this question. You know I warned you when you were here before that I was still free."

Roland Langton sat biting his lips nervously, while his active mind was running swiftly over the whole subject and looking out for the best course for him to steer under this new dilemma.

He made his decision promptly.

"Lady Fitzdonald," with a grave authority in his manner which opened her eyes to a new phase in his character, "I said must, not, Heaven knows, from any wilful authority, but yet from a thorough understanding of the subject. I had hope to save you from a painful disclosure. I mean to shield you with my love and care from all knowledge of this wretched secret. Lady Fitzdonald, you are haughty in spirit, you are justly proud of your high position, your fair fame, your unassailable name. Can you bear to have them all swept away from you?—to stand or fall rather from your proud height in sight of all this world, disgraced? You are proud of your child's noble heritage. Will you let it be snatched away from you?"

"Mr. Langton," exclaimed Lady Fitzdonald, indignantly, "are you mad?"

"Would that I were, Lady Fitzdonald. Little enough you guess what black disaster I have been warding off you—what ruin I have held at bay."

There was such deadly earnest in his look and tone she could not believe it was all imposture.

"What is it?" said she. "Some unforeseen disaster—the property swept away? Well, we can bear that. We have lived on a comparatively small income. Morley Grange is certainly beyond any such disaster."

"Property," repeated Mr. Langton with a tragical clasp of the hands. "Oh, if it were only property."

The lady opened those great eyes of hers.

"Mr. Langton, you choose to be enigmatical. What else can it be? Maurice is safe and well. What other trouble can there be able to touch me?"

"Hear her! Hear her!" exclaimed he, wringing those white hands of his: "Lady Fitzdonald, do not ask me anything further, but as you value your own happiness and little Maurice's future peace of mind give me a husband's power to avert this danger while it is possible."

"What danger? Mr. Langton, I insist upon a full explanation, or I will not hear another word you say."

She turned upon him fiercely, magnificent in her haughty pride.

He gave an earnest glance into her face to see if she could bear a sudden thrust, then spoke slowly and deliberately, every word coming like an icy dagger.

"Lady Fitzdonald, there is a man hereabouts with positive, incontrovertible proofs that Sir Reginald had a legal wife living when he married you."

The haughty form bent as if it had been of snow and a fiery breath had passed over it. She dropped into a chair and put out her two trembling hands.

"No, no, that is too horrible; I will not believe it. He wronged me enough without that. How dare you say such a thing to me, Roland Langton?" And she raised her drooping head, revived by a fierce passion of anger and indignation.

His hypocritical face was full of profound compassion and tenderest sorrow.

"Lady Fitzdonald," said he, with grave dignity, "you forget that I did not wish to say it—that you insisted that I should."

"I beg your pardon; but it is an imposition. It is impossible, utterly impossible. Where is my father? I will call him, and he will send for our lawyer."

"Stay, stay, I implore you, or you will draw down the ruin you dread beyond any power of removal. Do you think I would tell you this if I had not weighed every proof, sifted over every word of evidence?"

She sank back into the chair from which she had risen with desperate haste, and looked at him drearily.

"There is no doubt at all," he continued, his deliberate speech making his words doubly impressive. "I knew myself of this secret marriage, but I believed the woman dead, or I should have warned you even though I should have drawn upon myself the reproach of acting the part of a jealous, slighted lover. I hope that Sir Reginald also believed her dead, but she was not, she came here with her child into the vicinity, and only died something like a twelvemonth after Sir Reginald."

"With her child," echoed Lady Fitzdonald. "A wife and child!" Great heaven! then what are we, — poor little Maurice and I?

"Lady Fitzdonald, hear me! The woman is dead, and has been in her grave these five years, and only one man holds the proofs. I have watched him, snared him, foiled him thus far—for your sake, Lady Fitzdonald—because it would kill me to see you thrust out before the world, dishonoured, your child without his father's name."

"Oh mercy, mercy!" cried out the proud woman, I shudder from head to foot. It is too much, I cannot bear it."

"You shall not. Give me a husband's power to act for you, and all is safe," answered he, eagerly.

"Are you deceiving me? Man, have you a fiend's heart, and are you planning to entrap me?" asked she, fiercely.

Roland Langton caught up a golden-rimmed Bible, pressed it to his lips while he answered:

"It is Heaven's truth, I swear it, Lady Fitzdonald. The woman's name was Lillian Marston."

She started at the name, and wrung her hands.

"It is true, I know it now. He called her his 'blue-eyed Lily.' I read his letters. Oh, what have I done to deserve all this? Is it the last blow to crush my fatal pride?" she exclaimed, wildly.

"Dear Lady Fitzdonald, be calm, I beseech you."

"Lady Fitzdonald! Why do you call me. It is a hateful name to me," she answered, fiercely.

"You shall not keep it long, I will save you from all these threatening evils." Dear Euphemia, do you see now why I said you must marry me?

She passed her hand across her forehead.

"No, no; not that. With all the wrong must I give the deepest myself?"

"For Maurice's sake. Shall he be an outcast, a nameless child? Oh, you will not doom him to that? Tell me you will accept my hand and the help it gives."

"Why do you wish it? a ruined, dishonoured woman who has already refused you twice?" she asked, suspiciously. "I do not understand you."

A dull red came to his cheek, which had shown signs of pallid exhaustion throughout the interview.

"Because, Euphemia Wellesley, man and boy: I have loved you and you only," was his low reply.

She covered her face with her trembling hands and moaned:

"What shall I do? oh, what shall I do?"

"Accept the aid offered you. Why should you hesitate? A month ago, knowing nothing of this, you were willing to accept my hand. How can you hesitate now when it brings you safety from all this ruin?"

"How, indeed! It is madness for me to hesitate! Is it not?" she returned, drearily.

"Utter madness," replied he, a smile of satisfaction sweeping across his face.

"I think I shall marry you. I am not strong enough to brave such a tempest. And for Maurice, my darling, my precious, for him whom we have educated for all these honours, to be thrust forth a target for the world's scornful glances! No! no! I cannot bear that. Yes, there is but one way—I must marry you."

"Then you promise? You give your solemn promise this time?" he asked, with a feverish eagerness.

"Not yet. I am dizzy. My mind is numb. I must have time to think it over. And you—you will give me the proof that Maurice is safe?"

"Every possible proof, and you shall have till to-morrow night for your decision. If you prefer, confide everything to your father. I know well enough what his advice will be. But it will be a disagreeable knowledge for him, and the fewer who share it the better in my opinion for this wretched secret. But I think I may count securely now upon your promise?"

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"How can it be otherwise," murmured she, drearily. "But I must have time to recover from this shock."

"I will come again to-morrow night," and when he said it he shivered as if some sudden remembrance had come to him, and without recovering his composure he lifted her hand to his lips and said good night.

Lady Fitzdonald went out, only conscious of one feverish desire to find her boy, and hold him close. He was with Mr. Somers seated on his knee in the library, listening to his explanation of some illustrations in the great book open on the table before them.

The latter looked up with a cheery smile, but put the child down hastily and pushed the easy-chair toward her at the first sight of her colourless face.

"Lady Fitzdonald, you are ill, or you have had some terrible blow?"

"You are right," answered she, mournfully. "A terrible blow, indeed, which sweeps away everything but Maurice. I want my boy, Mr. Somers?"

Arthur Somers was not the man to annoy one with ill-timed questions, least of all this woman he loved so devotedly and yet so hopelessly. He saw that she was suffering from some severe mental trial, and he only desired to soothe and calm her. He put the boy into her arms, watched her clasp him to her breast and shower her wild kisses and wild tears over him, and took his station at the door to keep off all curious eyes.

When he heard Maurice crying he went back to them.

"Mamma is so strange," wailed Maurice, "and I am tired; I want to see the rest of the pictures."

Mr. Somers took the boy into his arms and the book also and went hastily up to the nursery, and gave him into the care of his nurse. When he returned to the library Lady Fitzdonald still sat there with those dry, burning, despairing eyes, and that white, white face.

He locked the door and came toward her and knelt down before her.

"My darling! my darling!" he said "what is this trouble? What is my life for if it is not at your service? Let me help you?"

She looked at him with a pitiful smile and dropped her head to the strong arms upheld towards her.

"For this once let me be weak," whispered she.

"I love you, Arthur, oh, I love you, and I must marry him!"

"Must! Lady Fitzdonald! Who shall dare use that word in your case?"

"Lady Fitzdonald! Oh, Arthur, my pride is in the dust. I have no right to the name. I shall go mad if I do not confide in someone. Arthur, if there is help you will find it for me. I will tell you all, if my lips can articulate the shameful story."

Arthur Somers, holding her on his breast, heard the new development. His face was pale and grand in his mighty wrath.

"Oh, my darling, my queen, that you should have borne this indignity," he muttered through his clenched teeth. "You have done well to tell me. If there is relief I will find it!"

"And if there is not?" asked she, in a low whisper.

"I dare not think of that," answered he.

"I know what you mean, for Maurice's sake I must sacrifice myself," was the mournful reply.

"And if I find escape, a single loophole," he returned, "you are mine."

She smiled through all her misery at the very thought, and bending towards her he kissed her. It was the first kiss; each heart was asking drearily was it the last?

CHAPTER XIII.

ROLAND LANGTON was somewhat nervous as the twilight deepened and the evening gloom descended and crept into the luxurious little parlour of the western veranda.

He seemed, however, very gay in spirits to his household. He gave the butler strict orders to come just such an hour after dusk to make report of the household affairs. He talked, as indeed he had done for a fortnight, about a strange man hanging around the place, and gave orders that the plate should be looked securely in the safe.

"There's no knowing," he said in explanation, "that this fellow who has talked so wildly to me is not shamming insanity for the sake of getting a chance to steal. There's no harm in being on your guard. If he troubles me much more I'll have him taken care of, let him be whom he may."

And then he went to the window and looked away the curtains still further, and even set the window ajar, and returning to the table he lifted up a handkerchief and glanced at the pistol lying there and smiled a cold, deadly smile. There was no faltering in his purpose; not an instant's wavering.

"The proof's secreted where no one else can find them, the child ignorant, and his secret shared with

none. What can be more propitious?" he repeated, exultantly.

Meanwhile, in the graveyard in the humble corner which held Lillian Marston's grave, a still, quiet figure was waiting vainly. Dick Marston, or Ralph Howard, had learned patience in a hard school; but at least he rose to his feet, muttering:

"It must be there's something detained him; I'll take a look round the house as he told me. It is a trouble for me to leave my work again to-morrow night."

And so, carefully scanning the figure of everyone he met, he took his way to the house which he had marked before. It was very easy reaching the designated spot, for he found a side gate wide open, and the shaded grounds sheltered his approach from observation.

The windows at the right of the veranda—they were easily found too—and the looped curtains showed him plainly Mr. Roland Langton engaged with a visitor.

"Sure enough," muttered Dick, "he's kept by company. It's no fault of his then that I've waited so long; he hasn't broken his faith. I'll wait till that pompous looking fellow has gone. I'd rather by far have met him at the graveyard. But I can't see any harm of going in there. I said I'd give him one chance more to make atonement, and I will."

So he leaned up against a tree where he could keep watch of the illuminated room, and waited patiently. Now and then he withdrew his gaze from the luxurious room, and looked up into the heavens, clear and bright with stars.

His thoughts went far back sorrowfully, penitently, with heartfelt remorse, to the past, and then returned to the present, and were warmed and cheered. He meant to do his duty faithfully now, without any shrinking on his own account. He was sure of that, and somehow he seemed to have found a comforting assurance that Heaven accepted his repentance, and forgave the old sin.

He thought of Lillian lying in her grave, and sighed bitterly. He remembered Lily in a happy home soon to be restored to her rights, and smiled through the trickling tears.

And now Mr. Langton's visitor rose, bowed his adieu, and departed. Dick stepped forward promptly, and tapped upon the window, saying, in a cautious voice:

"It is I, sir. Shall I come in?"

Mr. Langton nodded, and, as Dick thought, took up his pocket-handkerchief, and then came a little way across the room to meet him.

"All right," said he. "Do all things remain as when I last saw you?"

"Exactly the same," returned Dick, eagerly.

"Are you going to help me?"

"Yes," answered Roland Langton, the handkerchief still in his hand, his voice strangely husky. "I am going to help you—thus."

While he spoke the handkerchief fluttered to the floor, the shining, deadly tube was bare.

Dick must have had a second's warning, an instantaneous consciousness of the treachery intended, for his right hand was thrust into his breast, and at the very moment the fatal bullet sped upon its deadly errand, with his last expiring effort he drew out his dagger and clutched it with a death clasp, then fell headlong prone upon his face at the murderer's feet.

The moment he perceived that his work was accomplished, Roland Langton shouted for help. It came both from without and from the household.

Some policemen just going to relieve the band who kept guard over the mill during the strike, heard the pistol shot and the cry for help and came dashing up the drive to the French window, just as poor Dick had come, and rushed upon the scene.

There was the elegant room with its rich furnishings, and there was Roland Langton, pale and excited, but yet self-possessed and cool, the pistol in his hand, and there prone at his feet, the dagger in that stiff clasp, lay the man who of all the world best knew Roland Langton.

"Oh, if you had only arrived a moment before," exclaimed the master of the house in sorrowful tones.

"I was obliged to fire to save myself from his dagger. Can you tell who he is—where he came from? We were talking about him only a little while before. We could not determine whether he was really insane or prowling round for robbery."

Watson came rushing in pale and affrighted and corroborated the story, and in a moment there was half-a-dozen more to give the same interpretation.

"Look at him, lift him up, I beg of you," said Mr. Langton, apparently more and more distressed.

"If only you might find signs of life; poor wretch, poor wretch. I would mine had not been the hand to send him to his rest."

They raised him up carefully. Life, no, not the faintest beating of the pulse by this time. Roland Langton was a sure shot, the ball had gone through the heart.

One of the men made an effort to take the dagger away, but the fingers were clutched like a vice round it. The dagger that had not left him night nor day was then to accompany him to the grave.

"Of course you will have an investigation," said Mr. Langton, in a melancholy voice. "I will vacate this room."

"I don't see anything, but a coroner's inquest is necessary. But they can decide. You say he rushed in upon you with a dagger drawn? Of course there is no doubt in your story. The dagger itself is the best witness. Who knows anything more about him?"

"No one that I can tell of except Lady Fitzdonald's man, Tilson. He frightened them exceedingly some time ago in the churchyard."

"Well, we will bring the coroner and he will see to the affair. There is no chance for blaming you, sir?"

"I did not apprehend any, of course," returned Mr. Langton, pensively, "but it is very unpleasant, very unpleasant."

And presently the coroner came, and Mr. Langton, sorrowfully interested, lent all his assistance towards finding out the man's history. But it was enveloped in mystery.

All that was known was that the man had worked a short time in the neighbouring town in a factory, where his reticent manners and mysterious habits had excited remarks among the operatives. For the rest all was left in doubt.

His pockets gave no light at all. There was only an old leather pocket-book with a few guineas, a child's Sabbath school card, and a pocket-knife, besides the dagger, still clasped in his cold hand. Mr. Roland Langton had watched the whole examination, and he drew a long breath when it was ended.

"And so all the little ripple the event made was the careless report that an escaped lunatic rushed into Mr. Roland Langton's room at night and had been shot by that gentleman in self-defence—a wonderful escape for the gentleman."

(To be Continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE appearance of the words, "The Wife's Secret," in the Olympic bills, awakens an old memory of Charles Kean and his clever wife, who, more than twenty-five years ago—*ehu fugaces anni!*—brought this play over from America, and launched it at the Haymarket with immense success. We are not such blind admirers of things past that we cannot see far better plays than Mr. George Lovell's have been since written, and that the plot, style, dialogue and characters are all "slow" in comparison with more modern plays. The mysteries, plots, and counter-plots of "The Wife's Secret" "hang fire," the crises "drag," and the discoveries are tediously prolonged. Three acts would compress it to more actable and clearer drama. Its story may be thus sketched. Lady Kveline Amyott (Miss Bella Pateman), wife of a Cromwellian colonel, Sir Walter Amyott (Mr. Henry Neville), conceals her brother, a fugitive cavalier, within her chamber; Jabez Sneed, the steward (Mr. R. Pateman), who hates his high-minded mistress, and Sir Walter, a brave, unsuspicious, conscientious, good, chivalrous soldier, is gradually worked upon by this Iago-like villain. Still, though he will not allow himself to doubt his wife's honour, he is torn by torturing emotions as Jabez works out the chain of suspicious circumstances. Of course her brother's death would follow the discovery of "The Wife's Secret," as Sir Walter's honour and patriotism must dictate his duty. Upon this somewhat slight scaffolding a five act drama is constructed. The "secret" at length leads to accusation, retort, estrangement, and a resolve to separate. There is much good writing in the parts of Mr. Neville and Miss Pateman, the delivery of the verse showing thought, study, and appreciation in the actor, and earnest, intelligent, and expressive elocution on the part of the lady. There was a manly, yet loving tenderness in his tones when the insinuating villain, Jabez Sneed, works upon his better nature in spite of himself:

No, not now! A kiss should be the meeting springs

Of Love's untruffled waters, and just now
There is a something stirring at my heart
Disturbs its current. Give it time to rest."

But he cannot find the rest his soul seeks. The poison works, and when he is promised proof, the burst of overwrought passion was startling:

"Hellbound! Thou'rt on the track, then!

Be it so
Lead on! Lead on! And let me know the worst."

Need we say the denouement is as simple as the difficulty. The fugitive cavalier is captured in attempting his escape, and is—the brother of Lady Amyott. Mr. Lovell has certainly embellished his play with many beautiful lines descriptive of true wedded love, and surrounded his picture of honour, truth, and purity with a garland of poetry; still there is too much talk, good as that talk is, for the incidents which furnish out five acts. The character of Maud, by Miss Camille Dubois, was a picture-study, and her verses charmingly delivered. Mr. Pateman was articulately distinct as Jacob Sneed, and this is a merit, otherwise the character has been less conventionally played; his make-up was artistic. There is a link supplied between the present and the past, by the resumption of the part of the pert page, Keppel, by Miss Patty Chapman, of the olden "Princess's" company, and the near kinswoman of Mrs. Charles Kean. The rest of the cast was competent, and judiciously selected. Lord Arden, Baroque, Peter and Etheredge, were severally played by Mr. Avondale, Mr. Culver, Mr. Sartaud, and Mr. Voltaire, the last-named actor, as is his custom, making his little part a study. On Easter Monday we suppose that Charles Reade's "Scuttled Ship" will replace Lovell's play. The popular farce, "Crazed," supported by Messrs. T. Hill, Warren, and Miss Camille Dubois, opened the evening, and was cheerfully applauded.

LOVE,

The heart is happy and the mind is bright
Enraptured with the charm of love's delight,

Its magic spell will soothe the deepest pain
When wounds of sorrow rankle in the brain:

'Twill make life's burdens seem a pleasant load,
The poor man's humble cot a blest abode.

Oh, who can tell the rapture of the hour
Celestial made by love's angelic power,
When heart to heart each other's beatings feel,

And soul with soul this sweet communion steal,

Of all the pleasure given from above
There is no blessing like the balm of love.

The soothing light that sparkles from the eye—

The gentle tears of pure sincerity—
The loving words, the deep and tender tone
That trembles with a p-thos all its own,
So fond and gentle, and so free from art—
Soul speaks to soul and heart responds to heart!

B. M. B.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.

It has been reserved for the Britannia, and for the Editor of "Figaro," to produce and to devise a version of Alexandre Dumas's attractive, but naughty drama of "La Dame aux Camellias," which should disarm the watchful censure of the licenser of plays, and propitiate the taste of a more severe audience than is ordinarily found in a French Theatre. We all know that the play is tabooed "by authority," except in its operatic outline, and properly so. On this ticklish ground, then, has Mr. James Mortimer ventured, and we must say, made good his footing with very clever equilibrium. His play of "Heartsease," produced at "The Great Theatre," Hoxton, has passed the ordeal successfully. The characters, as well as the piece, have received English names. The hero is Herbert Maitland (Mr. Newbound), the heroine, Constance Hawthorne, the elder Germonit is Sir Stephen Maitland (Mr. J. Reynolds) then there is Percy Bloodgood, the wicked man (Mr. Drayton), Amy Granger (Miss Bellair), Dolly (Miss Newham), and Kitty Pilbeam (Miss Rayner), all of whom were received with favour and applause. In its regenerated and expurgated form

the proscribed play is certainly a success. Mr. Newbound was encored in a very pretty song, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte, called "Thy Face." "Heartsease" will, we opine, hold its place with far-east audiences. There is a new drama on the stocks to be launched at Easter, called "Jewess and Christian, or the Love that Kills," the title has a local and sensational savour, which augurs well; it is from the pen of Mr. E. Manuel.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

As an avant courier of Easter and Passion week Mr. Chatterton on Saturday night transplanted the "Colleen Bawn" from the Adelphi to the boards of Drury Lane. The larger stage and theatre are certainly better adapted for its mechanical effects and built-up scenic representations. Mr. E. Falconer, whose reappearance was heartily greeted, resumed his original character of Danny Mann. Another change was that Miss Muriel played Ann Chute, giving a pleasing and artistic rendering of the part. Mr. Charles Fenton played Kyrle Daly, and Charles Sullivan was the Myles na Coppelteen. Miss Hudspeth, as at the minor house, was Eily O'Connor; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Oregan; Mr. Terrie, Hardress; and Mr. Johnstone, Father Tom. The house was crowded.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. A. SHLOT's drama, which carried off the first prize in the competition for the T. P. Cooke bequest, and which was played at the Surrey ten years ago with extreme popularity, was reproduced on Saturday at this theatre. That "True to the Core" is a clever, spirited, and striking piece cannot be disputed, and its reception was more than favourable, it was enthusiastic. Mr. Emery's Martin Truogold, Mr. Henry Sinclair's Walllett, Mr. Shore's Dangerfield, Miss Rachel Sanger's Mabel, and Miss E. Stuart's character, were good samples of actors and actresses judiciously fitted with their parts. The scenery was admirable and appropriate, and "True to the Core" must prove a sterling addition to the repertory of "Adelphi pieces."

MR. LIONEL BROUGH's benefit is announced at the Gaiety for Wednesday, April 4th. Goldsmith's admirable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," will be played with an excellent cast.

MR. VERNON notifies that his first benefit will take place on Saturday morning, the 7th prox., at the Strand Theatre, when a new play by Mr. S. Gundry, called "Manners," will be presented for the first time.

PASSION-WEEK, of course, produces the usual "Lenten fare" in matters theatrical, and pace my Lord Chamberlain, the "poor player" may starve that the clerical performers may have a "double innings" at their music and millinery shows.

FRED EVANS and his troupe are under engagement at Easter at the Royal Aquarium Theatre. A series of Saturday evening concerts, under the direction of M. Riviere, so favourably known at Covent Garden and elsewhere, is arranged for the first concert on Saturday, April 21st.

THE Grecian Theatre is now closed. It will reopen on Easter Monday, when a morning performance of the successful pantomime will be given, and in the evening a new drama, on the well-known subject of the legend of "The Flying Dutchman" will be produced.

SHAKESPEARE appears as a "startling novelty," a "new intellectual pleasure" in Canada. "Happy land! We are told by the Canadian papers that, for the first time in the mighty "dominion," Shakespeare's charming pastoral of "Cymbeline" has been played at the Toronto opera house. Miss Neilson was the Imogen, and the freshness of the joy with which audiences and press have greeted the gifted actress, is really quite a treat to read about. It appears that Shakespeare don't spell "ruin" on the other side of the Atlantic; at least in the less sophisticated regions.

THE Alexandra Palace has been leased for twenty-one years to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, the world-famed purveyors, who will re-open the Palace, Park and Grounds, in the first week in May. The interior is undergoing a complete transformation, and the new proprietors are bringing the advantages of their long experience at Sydenham, Westminster, Paris, Vienna, and elsewhere to bear upon the production and succession of high-class and popular entertainments of a superior character. Season tickets will be issued for the moderate sum of half-a-guinea.



[THE DETECTIVE CALLS ON MISS THOMPSON.]

THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

MAD FROM LIFE'S HISTORY.

CHRISTMAS EVE: St. Paul's looking like a large Twelfth Cake powdered over with sugar, though in this case it is snow; and the public and private buildings around giving an idea of being so many younger cakes, which had not had time yet to grow up to the same proportions as their magnificent brother, but would be equally titillating to the palate for all that.

Crowds of busy people are hurrying to and fro; their faces looking brighter and more cheerful than on ordinary occasions; for holly and mistletoe and Christmas cheer are dancing before their mental vision, and the snow, the beautiful snow, is falling, not like a storm bringing ill-will, cold, hunger and death with it, but rather like some light feathery blossoms gently shaken upon the soiled world and eager watching faces that throng the streets of the great city.

By the river side the lamps flicker and gleam and shiver, and Westminster Palace clock tower looks down with shining face from its elevated position like some captured moon or miniature sun pitifully counting out the heart beats which make up the sum of each human life; of each Golden Bowl that must be broken to set the imprisoned earth-bound spirit free to wing its flight to the realms of eternal day.

Waterloo Bridge looks more gloomy this night than any other that crosses the Thames lower down than Lambeth.

The toll perhaps; the greater scarcity of lights; the stone recesses in which anyone mad enough to do so, may sit such a night as this and take shelter; only one woman, however, is insane enough to do so, and she crouches down as though she were asleep, and though many look at her as they pass by, it is the business of no one to speak and come to her aid; she has paid her halfpenny to get on the bridge; she has a right to remain there, being quiet and not disturbing the public peace, and thus the stream of

life passes on, and the outcast and lonely one is left to her fate.

What that fate is, if we watch her a little while, we shall see.

Big Ben booms out eleven strokes upon the night air, and the woman on the stone seat rouses herself from her stupor.

Very calmly she looks around; the number of foot passengers has decreased; for the moment she is alone; she stands up, takes off her hat, which is black, trimmed with erape; looks her last upon river and lights, clock-tower and city, mounts the seat, then the parapet, and in another moment has sprang over just as a strong arm is extended to seize her skirts.

For a few seconds she hangs there suspended. The man who would save her calls loudly for help, and it seems long in coming, while he holds on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, resolved to be dragged over into the cold water himself rather than relax his hold.

But the clothing he grasps is not strong enough to bear the weight suspended by it; strands and stitches give way, and by the time help reaches him the strain is over, there is a dull splash in the dark river, and the man who would have saved the miserable creature holds in his hand two widths of a black dress, violently torn from the rest of the garment, and in which is the pocket.

No time is to be lost; the alarm by the waterside is given, a boat is got out, and every effort made to rescue the woman bent upon self-destruction.

In vain! The cold, dark, flowing river has done its work. The tide is rushing out; eddying round the foundation of the arches of the bridge, carrying all it can reach and grasp away with it; and the woman's body, before a boat can reach the spot where she fell, is already some dozens of yards further down, on its way to the sea.

Very reluctantly they give up the search; she must be dead ere now; and the snow, which during the evening had flitted and danced about as though in graceful or idle play, now comes down in large, thick, blinding flakes, promising to give not only a white Christmas morning, but to make the cold mantle many inches deep before it had done.

The man who had tried to rescue the woman went with the policeman, who had arrived on the scene, and handed over the piece of the dress and the hat which he had found in the recess.

"As far as he could judge," he said, "the suicide was five feet four inches in height; had fair hair, light yellow or golden, he should say, for it was the

gleam of the gas-light upon it that first attracted his attention to her." And that was all. He had not heard her voice, or seen her face. There was nothing more to tell her story in case the body should not be found but the piece of dress and the pocket it contained.

The first thing taken out of the pocket was a handkerchief of fine cambric, marked in a corner of it "C. Carew."

A purse was there, too; but there was no money in it, not one halfpenny, and surely such a purse as that was made to contain gold. On one side of the cover were the two letters, "C. C.," and inside was a gentleman's card, engraved on it, "Sir John Carew, Clovelly Court, Devonshire."

Could it be possible that the woman whose body was now drifting down the river could have any connection with these names? Surely not. And yet the inspector remembered that a Miss Carew had left her home in Devonshire suddenly about a month or six weeks before.

He remembered the name, also the name of the solicitor who had come to Scotland Yard to cause inquiries to be made about her. The solicitor's name was Shrapnell, his offices in Old Jewry; but it was only an inquiry. The second day a letter came, saying the lady had been heard from. The fees were paid and the matter ended.

All this Inspector Keys remembered. Not that he put the two together and decided that the missing lady and the woman who had thrown herself over the bridge were the same; still the coincidence of names was singular, and he resolved as soon as possible to communicate with the lawyer.

Nothing of this intention was said to anyone, however. The man who had so gallantly rushed to the rescue of the woman gave his name and address in case he should be wanted at the inquest, then went home, perhaps to muse upon the uncertainty of human life, or upon the misery and wickedness that could drive a reckless creature to throw away what she might never recall.

Meanwhile the body was swept down among the barges and shipping that cold black snowy night.

It was well that sensation and feeling had left the once tender frame, for no gentle treatment did it meet with in its watery bed. Up and down with the tide it tossed about for days, becoming so disfigured that those who loved her best when living would not have been able to recognise the dead.

On New Year's morning the body having caught in the anchor of a ship moored in the river not far

below London-bridge, it was discovered, brought ashore, and the coroner and jury hastily summoned to look at it.

Nothing but the fair golden hair remained unchanged, and only from the garments could anything like identification be hoped for.

During the past week, however, holiday time as it had been, anxious inquiries had been made, both in Devonshire and London, and Inspector Keys had in his own mind come to the conclusion that Caroline Carew, of Clovelly Court, and the woman who had jumped over Waterloo-bridge were one and the same; also that the young lady had shown signs of insanity, and had become quite mad before she flung away her own life.

A very comfortable theory, particularly for Hilda Kempson. It accounted in some measure for Carrie's abrupt departure from the Court, and her prolonged absence; it settled also the doubt as to her own legal claim to Clovelly.

With Carrie dead, no word as to her legitimacy need be uttered; she could lie in the family vault with the rest of the Carews, that privilege need not be grudged her, and her cousin Hilda being her heir-at-law would thus succeed as a matter of course, and without question, to the family property.

It seemed too good news to be true. Mr. Shrapnell came down to the Court and positively asserted his disbelief in the possibility of Carrie Carew committing such a wicked act as that of taking her own life.

To the police authorities he protested that the woman's identity had not been proved; he went down to the low public-house near Ratcliffe Highway to see the body when he received a telegram to say it had been discovered; but all in vain, he was alone, quite alone in his conviction, for the body was past identification, and the clothes still clinging to it, when washed and cleansed, were found to be marked legibly enough, "Caroline Carew."

Nor was this all. One of the toll-keepers on Waterloo Bridge said he was not on duty on Christmas Eve, but he had several times noticed a young lady dressed in deep mourning pass over the bridge, and she always paused and looked down to the water, and he had been doubtful about her wanting to jump in to it more than once, and one day he had been curious enough to follow her home, and he found she lived at No. — Stamford Street.

A faint clue, indeed; but the detectives acted upon it, and here fresh confirmation awaited them.

Miss Thompson was in a very bad temper when Inspector Keys called, and would have slammed the door in his face without much ceremony had he not brought her to her senses by an intimation that he had heard of a theft in her house and meant to inquire into it.

Whereupon Miss Thompson became as polite as her mahogany-hued countenance and abrupt manners would permit, and professed herself willing to answer any questions.

"You have had a young lady living here during the last two months?"

"I've had a good many. You may call them ladies or not as you like; but they're all gone now, and never will I have another pack like 'em again."

"Why?"

"A pack of vulgar, swearing, regular bad uns, getting into a respectable house; said they was actresses and so they was in the ballet, went away, owed me a month's rent, and stole everything they could lay their hands on. I'd have set the police after 'em in no time if it had been my things they stole. But some people is so soft. I'd hang 'em all; that's what I would. And then that little beast, Sally, to go and leave me all of a sudden; the best servant I ever had, and I've all the work to do myself."

"Why did she go?"

"To get married," with an expression of disgust. "Whatever girls want to get married for, I don't know. I've done without it, and I'm well enough, and my own misse, and can do what I like, which is more than a woman can say whose got a husband."

"I'm sorry you object so much to matrimony, Miss Thompson. I've tried it, and my dear wife, who's gone to Heaven, made me so happy that I can't bear to be alone much longer. I don't want a young and flighty girl, you know, but a woman with some experience of the world; however, it's no use talking; we'd better get back to business," with a sigh.

"Well, now, I don't know; I might think of it," said the woman, with a wonderful change and softening of countenance and voice.

"Suppose you do," was the reply; but Inspector Keys felt he had gone rather too far, or been taken too quickly at his word, and for the present it would be well for him to be more careful.

"And now about this young lady," he went on;

"none of them you're speaking of could be her. She was tall; perhaps not quite as tall as you are, had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a very pretty face. She was traced to this house, and couldn't have come here much before the first of November. Now do you know who I'm looking after?"

"The time answers, but the description fits a lot I know; yellow hair's all the fashion now-a-days, and women dye it; and beauty's a matter of taste; but it can't be Miss Carey you're looking after."

"Miss Carey; or Miss Carew; but look at this photograph; do you recognise it?"

"Yes, it is Miss Carey; but what can she have done? Such a lady, too."

"Ladies can die as well as common people. I've found there ain't much difference when it comes to going out of this world. We're all pretty much on a level then."

"But when did she die? You quite knock me up."

"When did she leave here, that's the question? It may not be her that's dead."

"I hope not; I didn't see much of her, but I'd be sorry to know any harm had come to her. She was here two weeks—no, three; she left on the last day of November. I've got it down in my rent book, and can show you."

"And where did she go when she left here?"

"How should I know? My lodgers pay their rent, and if they behave well I ask no questions. Miss Carey behaved handsome, but she never said anything about her affairs, and I don't know more of her than you do."

"Not as much, I'm beginning to think. But did she seem poor?"

"Poor! Not she. I might have let her my best rooms if they'd been empty. Why, she'd eight trunks when she came here. She sold some of them before she went away; not for the money, I believe, but to lighten her luggage, and as it was the cabman growled, what she did take was so heavy."

"And how many boxes did she take with her?"

"I forget whether it was four or five."

"She went away in a four-wheeler?"

"Yes."

"You didn't notice the number of it?"

"No; I wasn't surprised at her going. The best part of my house was let, and 'tain't the kind of place to suit her. She'd only one little back room. Why, she got thin just the time she was here. That's really all I know about her."

"Did she talk or make friends with anybody in the house?"

"Nobody but Sally."

"And who has Sally married, and where shall I find her?"

"She's married a man in the force. But what makes you think Miss Carew is dead?"

"A young woman like her jumped over Waterloo Bridge on Christmas Eve and was drowned."

"Rubbish!" with great scorn on the mahogany features.

"What is rubbish? The woman drowning herself?"

"No; thinking 'twas Miss Carey. I'd as soon think I could go and do such a thing myself."

"But the clothes of the young woman were marked 'Caroline Carew,' which were the real name of your lodger."

"That proves nothing; ain't there more than one Carew in the world?"

But a card was found in her purse with her father's name, Sir John Carew on it."

"Couldn't a purse have been stolen? I knew she was a real lady. She'd have no more taken away the life that Heaven had given her than I would."

"Of course she must have been mad, and the verdict will be temporary insanity."

"Temporary! Fiddlesticks! She was no more mad than you are; not half as much, perhaps. But there goes the bells all ringing, and nobody but me to answer them. When you come again I'll make up my mind. Take my word for it; that was no more Miss Carey that drowned herself than 'twas you or me."

"It's odd how the people who know her won't believe it," mused Inspector Keys, as he walked back to Scotland Yard. "But they are wrong; they must be. The circumstantial evidence is complete, and any jury would hang a man upon it."

So thought the jury who held an inquest on the body thus taken from the Thames.

They found that Caroline Carew, only daughter of the late Sir John Carew, of Clovelly Court, in the county of Devonshire, committed suicide by jumping into the Thames whilst in a state of temporary insanity.

"Poor girl; her father's death affected her mind," was the general comment, and the body, in its leaden coffin, was taken down to Clovelly Court, to be carried from thence, without show or ostentation, to

Wembury church. Though the poor girl was mad, it could not be forgotten that she had taken her own life.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THE GOLDEN BOWL IS BROKEN."

It is Sunday morning, half an hour before the time for service, and yet Wembury Church is already crowded with the exception of the few pews belonging to some of the county families who are sure to come and fill them, and fresh arrivals stand out in the churchyard, though it is the month of January, and in this warm corner of England snow has fallen heavily and is still on the ground.

But still the numbers coming to the church increase, for it has been announced that the Reverend Shirley Monckton, the new rector, will preach the funeral sermon over Caroline Carew of Clovelly Court.

The Carews have offered the country side plenty of excitement, gossip, pain and wonderment during the last few months.

Sir John's death, though sudden, for so old a man, was not wonderful until the belief that he was murdered flew about.

Then came Carrie's sudden and mysterious disappearance, which could not be glossed over, though some efforts had been made to pass it off as a matter of course, for Lady Mary Monckton had been alarmed when Mrs. Winstay's telegram reached her in the morning instead of on the night that it was sent, had despatched servants and messengers in every direction, had telegraphed to Clovelly Court and Luton Park, had made indeed as much fuss as it was possible for any kind-hearted, well-intentioned old lady to make, and had even gone so far as to write a decidedly sharp letter to Sir Philip Walsingham, a letter which that young man was too prudent to answer.

All this had come to pass, and now the climax had been reached. Carrie Carew was dead, and responsible or not before the judgment of earth or heaven, she had died a violent death, and so far from her evil manners being written in brass and her virtues in water, all who had once known her were ready to come forward and listen to a repetition of the good they knew of her.

"How lovely she had been!" The women whispered this, and thought, with a shudder, of what she was now, and the tales of horror that were told of the contents of that heavy leaden coffin that had taken its place among the dead Carews of Clovelly.

"How courteous, fearless and modest she was?" the men said to each other, and perhaps made mental comparisons between her and members of her sex more closely allied to themselves, but which they were wise and prudent enough to refrain from expressing.

Ten minutes before the rector and curate came into the church, Hilda Kempson drove up in the Clovelly carriage, which looked as though it had just come fresh from the carriage makers.

She was dressed in the deepest of mourning, and her face was pale; partly with excitement that almost amounted to fear, and principally with powder, which she flattered herself would not be detected.

"She's mistress of Clovelly now, dang her!" said a man as she passed by into the church; "a hard time we'll have of it, them as is under her, but the wicked flourish like a green bay tree for a season only, you may seek them at night and find them not."

"Hush, Nathaniel Penweather; how about the lease?" whispered several more cautious neighbours around him.

"Oh, her's safe enough. The old baronite give that to I two days afore he died. I'm fress to speak my mind and daag it but I will."

At this moment Sir Philip Walsingham alighted from his brougham and walked up to the church door, and as he did so a hiss rose, and sounded around him like the warning of so many deadly snakes.

Whatever his other faults, physical cowardice was not one of the short-comings of the young baronet, and he turned round fiercely, ready to do battle with any part or the whole of the throng.

But as he did so there was silence, no solitary individual had the courage to defy him.

"Did any one speak to me?" he asked.

But there was no reply. And with a frown on his brow, and a contraction and drawing down of the corners of his cynical looking mouth, he passed into the church, and walked with a defiant step and attitude, but a guilty conscience, into his family pew.

It was not often that Sir Philip attended church, and he was here to-day rather because of the com-

ments that would be made at his absence, than from any desire to be present at the service.

Cold, selfish, and calculating as he was by nature, making gold and worldly success and prosperity his idol, he was yet shocked and somewhat repentant at the part he had taken in driving Carrie Carow to the untimely fate she had so rashly sought.

"If I only had not kissed her and spoken to the old man that day I should not have cared," he had muttered to himself a dozen times since Sir John's death, forgetting that a woman does not weigh her love by words, and that her heart may have been as completely won before in formal language it was asked for, as after the clergyman has pronounced the last irrevocable words, which are to bind them together through life.

The service commenced; the Moncktons, from Luton Park, are all there; Lady Mary has come down from London and sits in her paw facing Sir Philip, her eyes fixed on his face with a glance that says, if she does not put the thought in words: "You are her murderer."

"He is defiant at first, and returns her stare, but this cannot last long; the old woman is more than a match for him; his eyes fall under her condemning glance, and if it were not for the scandal which such a step, at such a time too, would cause, he would have walked out of the sacred edifice before the sermon commenced.

Once his eyes wandered towards Hilda Kempson, but here were fixed upon her prayer-book, no grief-stricken cousin who would benefit by the death they deplored could look her part better than she did now, and remembering certain words that had passed between them, he turned from the sight of her in disgust, preferring even old Lady Mary's glance of scorn and rebuke.

But the sermon which the majority had come to hear was about to commence, and as the rev. Shirley Monckton opened his bible to give out the text, there was a hushed, breathless awe in the crowd of upturned faces that met his eye.

"The Golden Bowl is broken!"

That was his text; and though he was not provided even with notes for his sermon, every word he uttered fell on the hearts of his hearers like large refreshing drops of rain fall upon the parched, thirsty earth.

His enemies were often homely, but his listeners understood him.

"There were many kinds of bowls," he said, "wood, copper, china, silver, common earthenware, but this was a golden bowl, and it held the most precious thing on earth in it, a human and immortal life."

I am not going to follow him in his discourse. The congregation held their breath as they listened to him.

"He did not personally know the gracious lady whose death they had come to deplore," he said, "but those he spoke to had been more favoured than he," and he recounted more than one instance of her sympathy and personal kindness, which brought tears to the eyes of many present, and even made his own voice falter.

Of the manner of her death he said nothing.

"The golden bowl was broken: her spirit had returned to Him who gave it; the golden bowl of each life before him must one day also be broken, how and when, not one among them could say; but he hoped they would leave the memory of good deeds behind to be remembered like the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers, long after the blossom from which they sprung had withered and perished."

Few eyes were dry in that church, as the rector pronounced the benediction, and though some people afterwards cavilled at the sermon, saying it was not orthodox, that the bishop ought to be appealed to and various other things of the kind, the people walked out into the cold keen air, feeling as though they had been in a condition of trance where the very strain upon their attention had been painful.

Hilda Kempson affected to be deeply agitated. More than once during the sermon she had sobbed aloud, but no one heeded or came to console her. Sir Philip Walsingham felt for a moment as though the ghost of his dead love forbade him to seek the side of the woman who had driven her to destruction, and no one else in that building would offer her a hand.

She had been successful; almost too successful, or, perhaps her success had been too sudden, but people could not but remember that it was barely twelve months since Hilda had come to the Court a penniless widow dependant on the bounty and kindness of her uncle, and now uncle and cousin had both passed away, and both by violent deaths to make room for her.

The tide of her success was at the flood. The

wealth, power, and position she coveted were hers; she had grasped them all; she had nothing to fear, no one to stand in her way or question her conduct; and yet? Two eyes, with the glassy stare of death upon them, seemed to follow her everywhere.

Would they never leave her?

Was the blood on her soul to eat like ever-burning fire into her brain and send her mad? As mad as Carrie must have been when she threw her life so recklessly away.

The question brought no answer, but a shudder.

Unaided by a single friendly hand, without a solitary glance or sympathising smile, she walked out to her carriage and was driven back to the Court.

But here, the curse of success was upon her. The servants, though they obeyed her orders, shrank from her, and in her own house surrounded by her own dependants, she was isolated and an outcast.

For there were ghosts in the house, skeletons in the closets, and Milly Bray felt as though she should go mad if she did not soon unburden her mind to someone whose judgment was more to be relied upon than her own, or get away from the mansion that had now become hateful to her.

This, however, was by no means easy, for her mistress scarcely spared her from her presence night or day, and she was moreover supposed to appear at the trial of Jacob Searle, which was to take place at the next assizes.

Poor Milly; more than once this miserable Sunday she had envied Carrie Carow sleeping so calmly that endless sleep in the family vault on the hills yonder, had wished that she could change places with her and be at rest; for what sorrows could death offer in comparison to the ordeal she will soon have to go through.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

Young ladies between sixteen and twenty-five cannot be expected to understand this curious machine called "the world;" a competent knowledge of which is often not obtained until we are too old to make use of it. The following hints, therefore, may not be unacceptable or without their use.

All fish are not to be caught with the same bait nor with the same hooks—neither are all men to be caught by the same means and measures. Some young gentlemen are of the gudgeon species; they are captured without much trouble—others are of the mullet family; they are not to be taken without a great deal of manoeuvring.

Neither of these sorts make the best husbands; for if a man has not sense enough to discover artifice, or to despise it when it is discovered, he is scarcely worth the trouble which must be employed in captivating him. Plain dealing is the best policy in matters of love and courtship, as well as in everything else.

Elegant accomplishments, music, painting, dancing, etc., are often considered as the strongest attractions to young men who are in search of a partner for life, and yet, perhaps, a good husband is seldom obtained by dancing, drawing, or singing. These things are well enough if substantial, like the dessert after the dinner—by themselves they are all desert and no dinner.

Young ladies should be recommended not to lay too much stress on these accomplishments—few of them can hope to become eminent in such elegant arts—and gentlemen who attend operas, theatrical dances, and exhibitions of paintings, are not likely to be overwhelmed by a mere amateur display of skill in the parlour, boudoir, or ball-room.

Do you wish your husband to be a man of sense or a coxcomb? If the first, hold every species of affectation in dread and abhorrence. Be, if possible, what you would wish to appear, but never attempt to seem what you are not. The affectation of wealth by dressing beyond one's means is a very common folly, and one replete with mischief. If a female can reconcile it to her conscience to deceive a man in respect to her worldly circumstances, she will seldom find it practicable to mislead him on that ground into an offer of wedlock.

Suitors with whom fortune is a primary object, are generally scrutinising and circumspect in such matters. If you wish to get married and to marry well, keep not too much company, nor be too often away from home, at parties and other places of amusement; study to be amiable, not merely to seem so; give some attention to domestic economy, avoid extravagance in all things, cultivate your mind, shun all levity of manners, preserving at the same time a proper degree of cheerfulness.

If these rules will not avail, suppose the facts to be against you, and resign yourself patiently, remembering always that it is better to be a happy

old maid than a miserable wife. Never expect felicity from any marriage which is brought about by improper means, or by any kind of deception or artifice. Matrimony is too serious and permanent a thing to be trifled with.

A PLEASANT KITCHEN.

CONSIDERING that so many women of the middle classes are obliged to pass a great portion of their time in the kitchen, why not make it an attractive apartment, rather than stow it away in the basement, or in some dark corner of the house, as is now too frequently done? Many houses display pleasant sitting-rooms; but if we judge of the conveniences and general pleasantness of the kitchen by the rooms in the front of the house, we find in many instances we utterly fail in our conjectures. To make a little show in company rooms, how many actual comforts are denied in many households! It is surely better to begin our house-furnishing at the kitchen, and work towards the front as we are able. Let the kitchen closet be well-stocked, even though the parlour suffer a little. Surely the health and comfort of the household should be placed above all other considerations.

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ON the same evening Ellen, in her little parlour, sat and wept.

An open letter was in her hand. It was from Mr. Goodrich in answer to hers, asking his counsel as to whether she should accept Richard Pemberton's proposal to put her son to school.

Mr. Goodrich directed her to accept the offer in the same spirit of kindness in which it was given. "Would you," he wrote, "prevent a man from making reparation for his sin—were it even a sin—how much less should you hinder him from repairing what was his own as well as your own calamity?"

And further down the letter he wrote:

"But why do you keep the secret of his father's fate concealed from Falconer? He is now fifteen years old. Tell him how his father died and why. Tell him at once. If you do not someone else will, in a less tender, truthful version."

That was the reason why Ellen wept—that she must turn back for Falconer this dark page in their life's history.

Maud, full of happy reveries, had gone to bed. Falconer had gone to the works on the hill that afternoon, and had not yet returned.

Ellen was waiting for him, determined to take this opportunity of quietness and solitude to tell him of the mournful past. It was early, yet not eight o'clock, and she heard the quick tramp of the boy's feet, as he came running and bounding up the rocky ascent to the cottage. He thrust the door open, and entered with a face radiant with youth, health and joy.

"It was so pleasant, mother, to see the light of the cottage window streaming across the water as I came along. Did you expect me sooner, mother? I should have been here half-an-hour ago, only I met Mr. Pemberton at the works on the hill, and he engaged me in a talk all about my wanting to be a sculptor, you know. And mother, he did not talk as you and Aunt Maria do about it. He didn't call it foolishness, but he talked wisely. He said it was a passion and talent given me by the Creator for good purposes, and that I must be faithful to it, and he gave me those," said the boy, throwing a packet of books on the table.

"Why don't you ask me what they are, mother? What makes you so unsympathising?"

"I am not unsympathising; I am glad to see you so happy. What is it, then?"

"Cunningham's Lives of Painters and Sculptors, mother. Mr. Pemberton told me to pay close attention to the early struggles and perseverance of all successful artists."

Falconer put away his hat and gloves, and sat down and began to untie his boots.

"Put them away, now, I have something to say to you, my dear Falconer." The seriousness of her tone struck him, he looked up, and for the first time noticed the deep mournfulness of her countenance. It impressed him so painfully, that he jumped up,

put away his books, and was at her side in a moment, full of affectionate attention.

"My dearest mother, you are in trouble, and I have been rattling on so. What is it?"

"Falconer, did you never wonder about and want to hear the history of your father?"

In a moment the boy's face was as grave and solemn as her own.

"Say, Falconer, do you never think about him?"

"Mother, as far back as I can recollect, I recollect missing him, and being ill, and losing you for a time, and having you back again; but all that is like a very long past confused dream. And much more distinctly than that do I remember Marian telling me I must never ask about my father and never so much as name him before anybody, much less before you. She has continued to tell me so all my life; but she would never tell me why. Now, mother dear, tell me all about it. Is he living? Did he go away and leave you? Open your heart to me, dear mother; I will be so prudent. Say, did he leave you?"

"No, no, boy, you blaspheme. He was a saint, an angel, was your father; the greatest glory and blessing of my life; but he was sacrificed, Falconer, he was sacrificed. Do you understand me?"

Falconer did not. He fixed his large eyes searchingly upon his mother's countenance, but could not make out her meaning.

"Sacrificed," he repeated, vaguely.

"Oh, Falconer, don't you understand me? Don't you understand me?" cried the miserable widow.

"Sacrificed! How?"

"Oh, Falconer, he died—he died for another."

"Died for another? I don't—"

"Oh, Falconer, he died—your father died in place of another. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, I do now. That was a noble deed, dear mother. He died in saving someone's life. Oh, it was a noble, a heroic deed," exclaimed the boy, with his eyes kindling. "A heroic deed. But, dearest mother, why was it not to be spoken of before you? And yet I can imagine, too; it distressed you too much to hear of his death, noble as it was."

"Oh, Falconer, his death was not noble, it was not noble, it was not considered so. It was shameful, my poor boy, it was shameful, most unmerited."

"Mother, mother," cried the boy, pale as herself, leaning breathlessly forward, clasping her knees, and gazing madly into her face. "Mother, what do you mean?"

"He—your father—innocent, estimable, excellent, he died on the scaffold for another's crime."

The boy bounded like a wounded panther.

Ellen dropped her head upon her hands, sobbing convulsively, and so passed several minutes, until from the opposite side of the room came a slow, heavy step, and a husky voice saying:

"Mother, tell me the whole story."

Ellen repressed her sobs, calmed herself, and mournfully prepared to relate the dark and dreadful tragedy.

Falconer threw himself upon the floor at her feet, dropped his hot and throbbing head upon her lap and prepared to listen.

Ellen told the story of her husband's arrest, trial and conviction upon circumstantial evidence.

Falconer listened in sterna silence, until this part of the tale was finished, when he broke forth bitterly:

"And these are the laws so imperfect as to immolate the innocent and let the guilty escape!"

Ellen next spoke of her journey to intercede for her husband's reprieve.

Here Falconer listened with keenest attention.

Ellen spoke of the great interest testified in William O'Donovan's fate, of the powerful intercessions made in his behalf, and of the total failure of every effort to obtain a reprieve, and she dwelt with unconscious injustice upon the conduct of Richard Pemberton.

And again Falconer broke forth in passionate indignation.

"And this is the man who has the whole nation at his feet. Oh, I am but a mite in many millions—I am but a boy—but here I consecrate myself with all my faculties of mind and body to the vindication of my father; perhaps to the remodelling of this imperfect law."

He exclaimed and gesticulated like a rash boy as he was; yet, nevertheless, his sudden indignation and hatred were not the less strong, earnest, profound and enduring.

His gentle mother was distressed, not that she imagined he could ever, if he lived long enough, accomplish any of the quixotic vengeance threatened upon the world-renowned statesman, but she was alarmed for her son's immediate interests. She feared Falconer would spurn all the offers of Richard Pemberton to advance him. She dared not now even men-

tion Mr. Pemberton's wish to place her boy at college. She only ventured to suggest that in refusing to procure a reprieve, Richard Pemberton had acted from a high sense of duty, and that since their bereavement he had been very kind to the family—a suggestion that was met by the excited youth with such a torrent, such a storm of impetuous, impassioned denunciation and invective as terrified the weak mother into silence.

In striding distractedly about the floor, Falconer's eyes fell upon the packet of books given him that afternoon by Mr. Pemberton. His eyes flashed forth again—he seized the parcel, exclaiming:

"To degrade me by an obligation like this. To degrade me! Shall I throw them into the fire, or send them back to him?"

He held them poised in his hand a few moments, and then cast them upon the table, saying "I will send them back to him;" and then exhausted by the vehemence and impetuosity of his passion, the boy flung himself down upon a stool, buried his face, and sat silent and motionless until Ellen bade him "good night."

Then he arose, put his arms round his mother's neck, kissed her, and silently went to his room. And Ellen retired to hers, where sleeping the sweet sleep of peace and innocence lay Maud.

The next morning early as Ellen, Maud and Falconer were seated at the breakfast table, there was heard a rap at the door. Ellen said:

"Come in."

The handle was turned, and John, the messenger from Coverdale Hall, entered, bowing.

Falconer started violently, grew red in the face, and looked threateningly at the messenger.

But John passed him respectfully, laid Mrs. Pemberton's note before Mrs. O'Donovan, bowed, and stood, hat in hand, waiting.

Ellen took up and read the note with a softening countenance. It requested her decision upon the question of sending Falconer to college, and an immediate answer. She finished it, and handed it over to her son, saying:

"There—you see what Mr. Pemberton is anxious to do for you—and the assistance and patronage of a man like Mr. Pemberton will make your fortune."

Falconer received the note, and with lowering brow and curling lips glanced over its contents. Then springing up, he turned to the messenger and fiercely exclaimed:

"Go and tell your master that my answer is this. He cast the note beneath his feet, set his heel upon it, and ground it to the floor."

The man stared in astonishment, Ellen heard in grief and trepidation, and little Maud in wonder and sorrow.

"Yes," continued Falconer, "go and tell Mr. Pemberton that last night, for the first time, I was made acquainted with all my family wrongs. Last night I learned, for the first time, that through his obduracy alone my guiltless father died a felon's death—lies in a felon's grave—and his poor old mother lingers out her wretched days in a madhouse. Nor are my mother's or my own wrongs forgotten—not the least of which is that he tries to force upon us obligations which coming from him would degrade us. Tell him that I am his bitter, implacable enemy. Tell him that I live to vindicate, to avenge my family. He may laugh at that, for he is a great politician—I a poor boy! Let him laugh now—the time will come when he will not laugh, for let him remember that while he is growing old and weak I am growing strong—and let him beware."

All were silent except Maud, who, in a complete chaos of sorrow and amazement, stole from her seat to her brother's side, and clasping him in terror, said:

"Oh, no—no—don't send that message—don't. Oh, Falconer, what is the matter with you? What do you mean?"

Falconer put his hand round her and drew her head under his arm, caressingly, protectingly, but did not otherwise answer her, or look at her, or for an instant sheathe his flashing glance, which was still turned towards Richard Pemberton's messenger.

And Maud stole her arms up around his neck, pressed her head to him, and entreated:

"Oh, Falconer, take back the message—tell the man not to carry it. I love them so—Sylvia loves them so."

He turned a look upon his little sister as if he would shake her embrace off, but tenderness prevailed over resentment, and he drew her close to him, saying:

"You don't know anything about it, Sylvia. And turning fiercely round upon the servant and beginning with: Tell Richard Pemberton—he discharged another volley of defiant messages."

And when he had done speaking and had sat down, Ellen spoke quietly, saying:

"You are to report nothing whatever of this to

Mr. Pemberton. John, you are to remember that if you carry this disrespectful message to your master from a mere boy, to whom he never sent you, you yourself are guilty of disrespect, but tell him from me that I am grateful for his kind intentions, and will certainly give him a further answer to-morrow."

And with this reply the man bowed himself out, remounted his horse, and departed. Falconer left the breakfast table and sat down in the window in morose silence. Maud would have gone to him, but his looks frightened and repelled her. She went to Ellen, who was quietly weeping and embracing her, asked:

"Oh, Ellen, what is the matter with Falconer? And what is all that dreadful thing he was talking about?"

"Hush, my child, don't ask, you will know some day. As for Falconer, he is a wild, hot-headed boy, who is letting his passions run ahead of his reason."

Falconer flamed up with a storm of contradictions in his eyes, but said nothing.

"I hope he does not fancy," continued Ellen, "that because once in a while a grateful mouse delivered a lion from a net, that it is possible, in fact, for a mouse to entrap a lion."

Falconer assumed a look of firm, stolid determination, and made no answer.

And nothing more was said at the time.

In the afternoon, when the mother and son were more composed, Ellen tried by every possible argument and persuasion to overcome the boy's hatred of Richard Pemberton, and to induce him to accept his patronage; but her efforts were without any other effect than the ill one of increasing his animosity.

The renewal of the discussion the next morning was equally fruitless of good; Falconer declaring that before he would owe his education and establishment in life to Richard Pemberton he would go to sea. And that last threat, dreadful to the widowed mother, silenced her, and ended the controversy.

And now the poor, weak mother sighed and groaned with vain repentance that she had indulged and yielded to her noble-hearted, but too headstrong boy, from his earliest youth to the present, when he was too self-willed to be controlled.

She wrote to Richard Pemberton again, thanking him for his kind intentions, but begging him to reserve her acceptance of his offer for some future time. Thus she endeavoured to escape the pain and the loss of a positive refusal.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In the meantime Mrs. Pemberton made preparations for her voyage.

On Sunday she met her class at the Sunday school and announced her necessity of leaving them, placed them under the charge of Mrs. Lovel, and then bade them an affectionate farewell.

The little girls were all of too recent acquaintance, and had seen too little of their teacher, to feel much grief at her withdrawal from them.

All but Maud. She heard the lovely lady tell of her intended departure with a sad, half incredulous amazement. She could not talk, she could not study her lesson, it was as much as she could do to keep from bursting into tears.

Mrs. Pemberton saw her agitation, but forbore to meet her eyes or to speak to her, lest she should destroy the little girl's frail self-possession. When her school was out, she took the little girl's hand, and said:

"You must sit with me in my pew to-day alone," and led her down. And oh, what self-control it required in the little one to preserve her calmness.

When they were seated in the pew, the solemnity of the church services had a wholesome, strengthening effect upon the little girl, awing her soul and elevating her thoughts above dwelling on her childish sorrow.

When the service was over, Mrs. Pemberton still held the child's hand. She led her out, kissed her, and bade her good-bye, saying as she saw the soft, wistful eyes full of tears:

"I will come and see you again, love, before I go away," and kissing her again, entered her own carriage to ride home.

All that day Maud could think of nothing else, could feel nothing else, but the sorrow of losing the beautiful lady to whom her heart cleaved with an everlasting adhesion.

All the next day she was looking, hoping for her promised visit, and when night came, disappointed and sorrowful, she went to bed and wept herself to sleep.

She never spoke of her love and her sorrow to a single soul; she instinctively felt that Falconer would scoff at her loving so dearly a lady who was

nothing to her, and whom she had known but such a little time.

Besides she felt that there was something too holy and sacred in the affection between herself and that wondrous lady to be lightly spoken of. And she knew that on earth no being understood and sympathised with her so entirely as Mrs. Pemberton.

The next morning the child arose for another of anxious looking. After breakfast she took her book, and sat at the front window, watching the bridge path along the edge of the creek. But the hours passed, and the lady came not.

Dinner was placed upon the table, and Falconer came in from his work; they all gathered around the board and talked of the departure of the Pembertons; but Maud could not eat, her eyes turned longingly towards the bridge path down by the water.

The meal was ended, the service cleared away, and Falconer returned to his garden; Ellen resumed her knitting and Maud sat down by the side of the window and watched; and still the lady came not, and the child's impatience grew intolerable, and she suddenly started up, snatched up her bonnet, ran off to the bridge-path, and wandered up for some distance, straining her eyes to catch perchance a distant glimpse of the lady's Andalusian pony; in vain: and then she remembered that Mrs. Pemberton might probably come by the cottage in the hopes of finding the lady had already arrived.

It was not so, and the little girl mournfully, unwillingly gave her up for the day, when her eyes fell on the longed-for pony at the very door, and saw the lady in the very act of alighting.

With an irrepressible cry of joy the child sprang to meet her.

Mrs. Pemberton received her in her arms, kissing her tenderly, pressed her closely to her bosom, and then leading her entered the cottage.

Ellen had arisen and stood waiting, and now she came forward and received her unexpected visitor.

"You are surprised to see me at this hour, Mrs. O'Donovan, but I promised this dear little girl to come and visit her again before I left. I also desired to see you, of course, and there was no opportunity of my coming but to-night."

"I am at all times very happy to see you, Mrs. Pemberton, and Honoria?" Ellen added, in a faltering voice.

"You must come over and see Honoria in the morning; she is very well and happy, and all eagerness for her voyage."

"Oh, but she treated me with so much hauteur," said the poor mother, sadly.

"We must be patient with Honoria. The world that has so prematurely spoiled her will in time cure her."

"I hope that something will. I have not much comfort in my children. But sit down, Mrs. Pemberton, and give me your hat."

"I must ask you to have the horse put up, and to give me a bed here to-night, Ellen, for I have only a boy with me, and it will be too late to return to the Hall this evening," said Mrs. Pemberton, drawing off her gloves and removing her hat, and handing them to Maud, for the very comfort she felt in being waited upon by the little girl.

Maud received these outer garments and carefully put them away, then returned, drew to the lady's side, and shyly put her hand into the lady's hand. Mrs. Pemberton tenderly clasped the little fingers that lovingly sought hers.

Ellen went out to order the tea. Then when they were left alone the lady lifted the child to her lap, pressed her to her bosom, and gave way to all the fondness of her feelings, and Maud, as she reposed on that lovely and loved bosom, her very breathings were full of deep joy.

They did not talk to each other much; perhaps they did not understand each other well—heart clung to heart. They knew not why, they could not give a reason for the love that was in them.

They sought each other's eyes silently, half unconsciously, questioning one another what this irresistible attraction—what this strong cohesion might mean.

Ellen re-entered the room, attended by little Len, who came in and set the table. They were joined by Falconer. And after the evening meal was over, and the service was removed, Mrs. Pemberton once more addressed Ellen upon the subject of Falconer's education.

But Falconer interrupted the reply of his mother by frankly stating his reason for declining Mr. Pemberton's proffers. This the boy did in a calm, self-possessed, gentlemanly manner, without expressing

any of the violent feelings of antagonism that had taken possession of his bosom.

Mrs. Pemberton was surprised and grieved to see the extent of the control which the headstrong, self-willed youth had gained over his gentle, yielding mother, and reluctantly abandoned the controversy.

When the hour of retirement arrived, Ellen lighted a candle to show Mrs. Pemberton to her sleeping apartment. And the lady rose, kissing the child, and prepared to follow, but the little one looked after her so wistfully that she turned back, held out her hand, and said:

"Come, then, love; come with me,"

(To be Continued.)

SOUND SLEEP.

SOUND sleep is essential to good health. It is impossible to restore and recuperate the system exhausted by labour and activity without this perfect repose. Sleep has a great deal to do with the disposition and temper. A sound sleeper is seldom unduly disturbed by trifles, while a wakeful, restless person is apt to be irritable. A great deal has been written about the advantages of curtailing the hours of repose, and of sleeping but little. We are inclined to think that there is room for doubt whether the benefits of closely limiting the time given to rest have not been exaggerated. Active persons of nervous temperament can hardly get too much sleep. We know very well that the saving of two or three hours a day from slumber is in one sense equivalent to a considerable prolongation of human life, and we are no advocate of indolence; but the fact still remains that sleep may be so much abridged as to leave the system incapable of as much effective work in two hours as might be performed in a better condition in one.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"MARY, was that the postman just at the door?"

"Yes, madam; there were two letters for the master; I laid them on the library table."

"Arthur has gone to Manchester; bring them to me. This one is postmarked Liverpool, in haste. I think I shall open it, and if it is of great importance, shall forward it to him."

"SCHOOL, Thursday Eve.

"DEAREST ARTHUR:—Don't come to-morrow. Guardy will be here and stay till Saturday, the bear! Lovingly, FANNY."

"Umph! Well, here is a good chance to faint; what can it mean? It certainly is directed plainly enough to Mr. Arthur Leroy, Brook Street, London, and to the best of my knowledge there is but one Arthur Leroy, and he is, or should be, my affectionate husband. I think here is some little excitement, at last, to vary the monotony of eating and sleeping. Milord Arthur will find that two can play at this little game of flirtation.

Perhaps it would be well to enlighten our readers a little as to the appearance of our heroine and her surroundings. Arthur Leroy and Nellie Curwens had been married for convenience so common in the city of London.

Arthur was handsome, and tolerably well off as to this world's goods, and Nellie was an heiress, with some pretensions to beauty, small of stature, with brown hair, hazel eyes, and was altogether a more than agreeable personage.

Arthur had been a scapegrace at college, and a scapegrace at home; and his father had persuaded him to marry, thinking that a sure way to get him settled into some kind of business.

Arthur and Nell had been acquainted for years, and, when their parents proposed marriage, took it as a matter of course, and treated it as a purely business arrangement. Nell telling one of her feminine friends that she really found Arthur a pleasant companion, and altogether a very convenient article to have about; and, to tell the truth, they troubled themselves very little as to each other's whereabouts, when there were no balls, operas or dinner-parties to attend.

But here was a new "wrinkle" to our little wife; the first thing that entered her head was to go home and tell "mamma," the next was to checkmate her recreant husband.

"Indeed," said she to herself, "I think I am able to cross swords with Arthur Leroy. Let me see:

first, I will analyse this dainty bit of note paper, and see what I can make out of it. The first word I see is 'school,' which shows our Arthur in a very bad light to tamper with the affections of a school-girl. Next, to 'Thursday eve,' (that is last eve) and 'don't come to-morrow' (that's to-day; I hope to goodness her guardian will catch him!); and 'Lovingly, Fanny.' Well, he has no sisters or cousins by that name, so that won't work, as it does in the novels. Let me see. Mary, bring my travelling-bag from my closet, and then come and help me dress. Order tea at five; I am going away, and if Arthur returns, tell him I have gone to visit a school-friend who has been taken suddenly ill.

"I just think it contemptibly mean of Arthur! I really believe I was getting up the least bit of affection for him, the brute! Now, since I think of it, he has been unusually kind for the last week or so, bringing me something nearly every night from the city. I suppose he was laughing in his sleeve all the time, at my being duped so easily. I've a notion to go and have a good cry, the horrid thing! I'll just go to Liverpool and see for myself, that's what I will!"

A few hours later, our little lady, with a tall gentleman by her side, was interviewing the telegraph operator, and, a few minutes later, ordering a hack driver to take her to the seminary. The tall gent was a well known private detective from the city, and they were talking quite earnestly about a copy of a despatch they had obtained of the operator, which read,—

"MISS FANNY CRAFTON:—Be on hand to-night as promised—Friday night, 11 p. m. Don't fail."

"ARTHUR L—"

Mrs. Arthur nervously pulled out her tiny watch, and looked eagerly at it, and asked her companion to urge the driver to go faster. It was now ten, and Nell was picturing to herself the grand tableau of thunderstruck husband, fainting maiden, wife with lightning flashing eyes, with detective and hack drivers in the background.

They rode on in silence for a while, and then the detective told her that it would be well to leave the carriage near the entrance of the school grounds, and go in on foot, so as not to excite suspicion. They alighted and ordered the driver to remain until their return.

Nellie felt the detective give her arm a quick pinch, and, looking up, saw him motion her to stand still. He went on alone, but shortly returned and told her that there was another carriage and three men on the grounds, all muffled in such a way as to avoid recognition, and that two were in company and the third appeared to be watching them.

They then entered an arbour close by and seated themselves; Nellie feeling so frightened that she scarcely knew what to do. Again the detective raised his finger as she was about to speak, and, listening intently, she heard some one walking toward them.

Peeping through the bushes, she recognised her absent lord and master, in company with a stranger. As they passed she heard the stranger ask:

"Do you think she will fail, Arthur?"

"No; I had a note from her yesterday, saying that she would certainly be on hand, I sent her a despatch by a trusty messenger."

With this they passed on toward the right of the building, out of hearing, and Nell, thinking to hear more plainly, stepped quickly from the arbour in the shadow of one of the pillars of the building. She had hardly drawn back in the friendly shade, when she saw a female figure glide swiftly past, and, with a low, womanish cry of delight, throw herself in the arms of one of the men.

Impulsive Nell could restrain herself no longer, and, rushing out from her hiding-place, she grasped him by the arm, and he, turning quickly round, and drawing his companion closer, said in a quick, excited tone:

"Who are you?"

Certainly that was not Arthur's voice, yet it sounded strangely familiar; but, before she could answer, she heard a voice that she did know—that of her miscreant husband.

"Nell! What the deuce—beg your pardon, but what are you doing here?" drawing her toward him.

"Wha-what are y-y-o-u-doing here?" sobbed poor Nell.

"Arthur," said the stranger, "this is no place for explanations; let us go immediately."

"Yes, but it is a place for explanations," thundered a voice that could touch lower C.

"Oh!" screamed Fanny.

"Oh!" echoed Nell, and something that sounded "unscriptural" escaped from Ned.

"Mr. Stanton!" exclaimed Arthur. "Will you be kind enough, sir, to go with us a short distance from here? We will endeavour to explain all."

"Is it possible that I find you here, Arthur Leroy, and with a strange lady, too?"

"This lady is my wife, and I beg you will be considerate enough to come with us, sir, before the inmates of the house are in a commotion."

They all withdrew, Arthur leading the way, and the rest of the group following, making a rather solemn looking procession.

"Now, Mr. Leroy," said Mr. Stanton, "if you will explain why it is I find you and your wife here with a stranger, in company with this young lady, my niece and ward, you will confer a great favour on me."

"Oh, guardy," said Fanny, penitently, "please forgive me; it is all my fault. Ned tried to persuade me not to do it, but I drove him to it. Oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Well, Mr. Stanton," said Ned, stepping forward, ("Cousin Ned Leroy!" exclaimed Nell, in surprise) "I suppose I am the proper person to look to for an explanation. As you well know, sir, I asked you some time since for Fanny's hand in marriage, and you refused, not from any personal feeling, as you frankly told me, but on account of her age, and I have so far forgotten myself as to persuade her to elope with me."

"Oh, guardy, it really isn't so!" cried Fanny. "I did it all myself! I gave him no rest till he consented, and he did it with such bad grace that I had to entrap his cousin Arthur into a promise of assistance; and oh! I do love him a great deal, guardy!"

I think Mr. Stanton's voice was the least bit unsteady when he called them "foolish children," and told them they must get in the carriage and go with him to his hotel; then, turning to Arthur and Nell, told them to accompany the young couple in their own carriage, as he had some business which would require witnesses. Arthur was about to reply that there was but one carriage, but Nell pinched his arm and started in the direction of her hired hack, and got in without saying a word, he following.

She felt very guilty all the way home, and Arthur never spoke till the carriage stopped, when he helped her out, and introduced her to Mr. Stanton, who was there to conduct them to his apartments. They followed him upstairs, Nell's limbs quaking, but when he opened the door, and she saw Ned and the irrepressible Fanny on the sofa, she felt somewhat relieved. Ned arose and gave her hand a hearty shake, and introduced her to his companion, saying to her:

"This is Arthur's wife."

She looked at Nell in a wondering sort of way, but said nothing. Presently the door opened, and there stood Mr. Stanton, with a very sober looking individual, who entered, doffed his hat, and took from his pocket a small book; then Ned took Fanny by the hand and led her to the centre of the room, and they were pronounced man and wife. Ned came and grasped Nell's hand, and said:

"Won't you congratulate a fellow, Nell? I'm the happiest dog alive."

They shook hands then, and Nell kissed Fanny, and told her "next time she married to do it in a little more formal manner," and then Arthur and she started for the station to take the night train for London.

"Arthur and I have no secrets now," Nell says, "and have got to be fast friends; and when our golden wedding comes I will tell him how I happened to go to a wedding uninvited."

A MATRIMONIAL FAIR.

In the southern part of Ireland, a curious custom prevails, which is called "Shraffing," named from Shrove Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Patterson" is held, where all the "likely boys and girls" in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made.

For days before, there is quite a stir in the neighbourhood; and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for sixpence; and you can't

speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress.

On the day of the "Shraffing," the girls stand in a row on the village green. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp, shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half-arch, half-sly look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection.

At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced men—"the boys," as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eyeing with distrust the superior attractions of the coast-guards, who are like the red-coats, favourites among the ladies.

But that in reality matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be," the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiation abruptly and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsaleable beast from a fair.

Of course little bits of romance crop up here as elsewhere; cases of money versus love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a fashionable drawing-room.

WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM;

OR,

THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance,"

"That Young Person, etc."

CHAPTER XLII.

A FORTUNE UNAPPRECIATED.

JOHN STONE had received a great deal of strange news in the course of his life. He ought to have been prepared for anything, but he was not, and the news from Linton filled him with horror and consternation. That Phyllis, his only child, the heiress to his carefully hoarded wealth, should bestow herself on a city clerk who had been content to board with Mrs. Lambley at fifteen shillings a week, was incredible. He went into a towering passion.

"This is your doing, Elizabeth; but for your nagging the girl's life out of her she'd have stayed at home, and this piece of foolery wouldn't have happened."

"It's more your fault, John; you shouldn't have let her go running about the world by herself. The monster; he's sure to be a cruel man. People who marry like that always are."

There was a dead silence. Mr. Stone's nose looked sagaciously red; his wife turned her eyes away from Phyllis' piano; neither would be the first to relent towards their child. Her tear-stained letter was before them.

"There's one thing," said Mr. Stone, at last, "he couldn't have married her for her money, because he didn't know she'd got any."

"We might tie it up tight on her," suggested his better half.

"They're married," groaned Mr. Stone. "To think of her getting married!"

"And us not at the wedding."

"She'll soon repeat it," said the father, shortly.

A spice of opposition made Mrs. Stone reply: "I don't believe she will. Phyllis always did have a will of her own, and she never changed when once she set her heart on a thing."

"And you think she set her heart on this Graham?"

"Yes; that's why she turned up her nose at Mr. Jenkins, sure enough."

"The man's a gentleman," said the confidential agent, with a shade less bitterness.

"His being a gentleman won't keep her," retorted his wife.

"Oh, come now, he never ran into debt. I've heard Mrs. Lambley say over and over again he never owed anyone a halfpenny."

"Two people can't board at fifteen shillings a week. More's the pity."

"Well, I shall go to Yorkshire," said Mr. Stone, trying to speak very majestically.

The mother broke down on that, and wiped her eyes.

"You won't be too hard on her, John," she said, in a softer voice than he had heard from her for many a year. "She's only a child, you know, and maybe if I'd been kinder to her she wouldn't have

done it. It's all my fault, John, it isn't hers at all."

"It's every bit as much mine as yours, my dear," returned her husband, kindly. "If we'd lived up to our income, and had a bit of life and company about us, she wouldn't have disappointed us so. She's done it, and I think we had better make the best of it."

"You never heard anything against him, did you, John?"

"I don't think so, Betsy."

"Well, you'll be kind to her. Only tell her she ought not to have done it. Make her promise never to do it any more."

"I don't expect she'll have a chance of that yet awhile," said John, with a grim smile.

He went down to Linton that very day, and he reached Grove-place about seven o'clock; his knock threw poor Mrs. Lawson into a fearful state, and she declared she never could go into the drawing-room to receive him. Her husband, who enjoyed her difficulty, alternately scolded and cheered her.

"You must go, Carry," he said at last, gravely.

"You've really used the old gentleman very ill. The least you can do is to see him."

"But if he storms and goes on?"

"You must act his daughter and run away."

"Oh, I wish you would go instead of me."

"I wouldn't deprive you of the pleasure for the world. Why, Carry, I didn't think you were such a coward," which put Mrs. Lawson's pride up, and she departed.

I don't know quite what she had expected Mr. Stone to do, whether she thought he would rush at her and demand his daughter, but she was certainly surprised to see him sitting quietly by the fire, warming his hands, quite calm and collected enough to know that it was the very best thing to do on an autumn night.

He rose and bowed to Mrs. Lawson.

"Pray sit down," she said, nervously, taking a seat opposite.

"My name is Stone," began the unwelcome visitor. "John Stone, of Hibernia Terrace, Walworth. I think you know my daughter, ma'am?"

"I am her friend," said Carry, bravely. "She has been staying with me—only left yesterday."

"And I suppose you thought it a friendly action, ma'am, to trepan the poor child into a private marriage with a penniless adventurer—a designing fortune-hunter."

"If Mr. Graham were a fortune-hunter," returned Mrs. Lawson, coolly, "he would hardly have married a portionless governess. As to penniless, he has a pretty little house in this town; is respected by all who know him, and has an income of six hundred a year. There are very many fathers in Linton, whose daughters are not portionless, who would have been very pleased to see them married to such a promising young fellow as George Graham."

"Ugh."

It was a grunt of approval, only Carry, not being learned in grunts, imagined it to be just the contrary. She went on calmly:

"As to my trepanning Miss Stone into a private marriage, I did no such thing. She was well aware you would never consent to her union with Mr. Graham, and as she loved him very dearly, she resolved to dispense with your permission."

"A pretty resolution, certainly."

"It was that of a brave, loving woman, sir, who chose to risk all for the man she cared for. I should have been heartless had I refused the little assistance I could give her; of course she was married from my house, and my family were present at the wedding, and I consider that by this we showed ourselves her truest friends, and nothing you can say will make me alter my opinion. Mrs. Graham will be a very happy woman, and she quite deserves to be."

"In fact, ma'am," said Mr. Stone, who had hardly known whether to laugh or cry at this warm-hearted tirade, "you think I'm a cruel, unfeeling father, don't you, ma'am?"

"I think you haven't been at all a kind one, or you'd have let Phyllis marry Mr. Graham, when first he asked her."

"Well, really," he said, comically, "the delay has not been eternal, it is not three months since he wrote to me on the subject."

"You ought to have accepted him," said this little woman, who had a great weakness for setting the world straight, and had a strong suspicion that the enemy would soon strike his flag and own himself beaten.

"My dear lady," said John Stone, quietly, "you can't enter into my feelings, you have never had to marry your daughter, it's quite impossible."

Mrs. Lawson bowed to this droll little compliment.

"What were your objections to Mr. Graham?"

"Simply this: I have toiled early and late, I have denied myself all pleasure to make a fortune for my child. I wanted her to marry a man worthy of it."

"You couldn't have any man worthier than the one who took her without a farthing. Mr. Graham had no idea you were a rich man."

"Of course he hadn't; I live like a poor one, my rent's only twenty-six pounds a year. I saved and scraped that my girl should marry a rich man and she's taken a poor one."

"If you've money yourself, I don't see that it matters, in birth Mr. Graham is unexceptional."

"I don't see how, his father's a doctor, anyone can be doctor now-a-days."

"His mother was the niece of Sir John Ashley," cried Mrs. Lawson, bringing out all her genealogical knowledge for his benefit, "and his sister is to be Lady Thorne."

The corners of Mr. Stone's lips incessantly relaxed.

"It might have been worse," he said, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course it might," retorted his pretty antagonist.

"You ought to be very thankful, Mr. Stone, that Phyllis has done so well; sister to a viscountess. What more could you want?"

Mr. Lawson, whose conscience had rather pricked him at leaving his pretty wife unaided in this verbal fight, now came in quite prepared to assist his Carry by peaceful arguments; fortunately the work was done.

"Mr. Stone is quite delighted," said Mrs. Lawson to her husband with a smile; "he could wish nothing more for Phyllis than to be sister to Viscountess Thorne."

"Then we are forgiven?" asked Mr. Lawson, turning to his stranger visitor, "you don't quite hate us?"

"What's done can't be undone," quoth Mr. Stone, "only I must say I should have liked a respectable wedding."

"It was eminently respectable," said Carry, artfully, "and so select, only just Phyllis's personal friends, I wouldn't even ask my own." There was no occasion to mention that Phyllis's personal friends consisted of her pupils. "And who gave her away? She might have sent for me, a respectable child."

"A staunch friend had that pleasure. Mr. Hawtree."

"Why, he wanted her himself, or we thought so."

"Oh, you've made a few mistakes, Mr. Stone. Don't you feel thankful you've no more daughters to marry?"

"I believe I do. Ah, ma'am, I've the advantage of you there, I think."

"My little girl can't walk," said Carry, "so I don't think we need fear her running away yet."

Mr. Stone stayed to supper, Mr. Stone made himself positively amiable. At last he asked, "where those foolish young people had gone to?"

"They are staying at Scarborough," said Carry.

"You'll go and see them, Mr. Stone, won't you?"

"Now what should I go for?"

"Just to say you forgive her, and she is still your child."

"I can say that just as well on a sheet of writing paper."

"But she'd like to see you," persisted Carry, "do go."

"Much she'll care. She's got him," for the old agent was just a little hurt that anyone should be nearer and dearer to his Phyllis than himself.

"But that isn't the same thing at all, she won't love you any the less for being Mr. Graham's wife." Her eyes filled as she glanced at a picture over the piano. "I had been married two years when I lost him, Mr. Stone, but do you suppose I felt his loss any the less?"

"Well, I think I'll go," concluded Mr. Stone, "any way, Mrs. Lawson, I'll trouble you to write me down the address."

Phyllis and her husband had just returned from some excursion to their hotel, when the waiter told them a gentleman was waiting to see them.

"It's my father," said Phyllis, trembling, "Oh, George, I can't go upstairs."

"I'll go with you, Phyllis," said Mr. Graham, feeling very bold now that his darling was his own lawful wife, and no one could take her away again.

They went upstairs together. Mr. Stone waited for them in a state of the greatest impatience; he

had prepared a beautiful little speech of reprobation, for he meant to be very stern indeed, and only to give way gradually, but at the sight of Phyllis all his preparations were useless, he did not even seem to see George, he just caught his darling and kissed her, and utterly forgot how very angry he ought to be.

But Phyllis didn't mean to be forgiven, and taken back into affection, unless George were received and forgiven too. She half released herself from her father, and slid her other hand in George's, saying with a pretty dignity:

"You forget my husband, papa."

"Your husband," repeated Mr. Stone, in a sort of maze, "so I did; hope I see you well, sir," and he shook George's hand, with every appearance of goodwill. Phyllis beat a retreat, she had an instinctive feeling some explanation must take place between these two, which would decide for ever their future relations.

"I wish you hadn't run away with her," began Mr. Stone. "I always meant her to have a grand wedding, with eight bridesmaids."

"Never mind that, sir," said George, cheerfully. "We shall not be any the less happy."

"I'm sure I don't know," returned the other, confusedly, "you seem to have settled everything without me."

"You know my prospects," said George, simply; "for the present our home must be at Linton; you and Mrs. Stone will be very welcome if you will come and see us."

"Thank you; who's your lawyer?"

"I haven't got one," surprised.

"Not a lawyer, then who's to arrange everything?"

"There's nothing to arrange."

"There's my daughter's fortune!"

"I thought she had some," returned George simply. "I have enough for us both, I would not think of accepting—"

"Man alive, you can't prevent my giving what I choose to my own child. You thought I was as poor as a church mouse, I suppose?"

"I certainly did not think you a rich man."

"Sixty thousand pounds in hard cash, it's a pretty little sum."

"Very, for you to keep; Phyllis and I have enough for comfort, luxuries we don't need."

Phyllis could not have chosen a better moment for her return, her husband took her hand in his.

"I want you to tell your father, darling, that you are quite contented to be a poor man's wife."

"Quite, papa," returned Phyllis, with a smile, "besides, we're not very poor, we have a dear little house, you don't need to fidget about us one bit."

"What ingratitude, when I saved my life away nearly to make a fortune for you, to tell me you don't want it."

"I thought you were a poor man, papa."

"I lived like one, child, I wanted to save for you. I'd thirty thousand pounds ready for you on your wedding day, and as much more when I die, and now you turn round and tell me you don't want it."

"Give us your friendship instead," said Graham, "we shall prize that a great deal more."

And the confidential agent completely forgave his daughter, but he could not bear that the hoarded wealth should not be here, and so some months later a solicitor prepared a deed of gift, conveying to pretty Mrs. Graham, the sole and absolute possession of thirty thousand pounds, so George was a rich man, and his wife was queen of a happy, peaceful home; and became, when she knew this, the darling of her husband's family, and the friend of the gentle Viscountess Thorne.

Nothing ever gave Mr. or Mrs. Stone more pleasure than to hear Phyllis talk of Lady Thorne, they grew in time perfectly reconciled to the match, and they were gala days in Hibernia Terrace when Mrs. Graham came there.

The old folks never left the little six-roomed house, although they spent their money at last freely, and indulged themselves with the comforts they had so sternly forewarned.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Stone, "it would be very cold and unsocial without a home on either side of one, and though people do say Walworth is going down, I fancy it'll last our time."

And she was a wise woman, transplanted to solitary grandeur, in a fine house crammed full of servants, Mrs. Stone would have been wretched. As the richest tenant in Hibernia Terrace, with every luxury at command (though not on the premises) she was certainly happy, and happiness had such a genial effect on her disposition that it angared well for the calm of Mr. Stone's declining years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins forsook Hornsey, the

neighbourhood never having been agreeable to them after Mr. Stone's little piece of revenge. Members of Mr. Jenkins' family often came trotting up, to his horror. He, therefore, determined on a change of residence.

He could not bear Middlesex, and he detested Surrey, chiefly because it contained Walworth. He, in consequence, migrated to the shades of Kent, and built himself a colossal mansion a few miles from Beckenham.

At the time of writing he has not yet attained the entry into the best society. In the meantime his wife leaves no stone unturned to gain the ranks of the upper ten thousand. Being anxious to distinguish herself she lately joined the Plymouth Brethren, and addresses crowded multitudes when "the spirit moves her."

Perhaps she is happy. Certainly she ought to be since she has an obedient husband, a splendid house, and lots of money, but privately we don't believe she finds the world a pleasant place on the whole than when she used to lament its sadness with Lazarus.

You see a woman must be very, very bad before she can come to have no heart at all; and all of the article Jane had ever possessed was Mr. Scarem's. Riches spoiled her; she quarrelled with her mother; she never saw Phyllis Graham after her marriage; she hated Mr. Hawtree; and was barely civil to him when by chance she met him in company with Mrs. Lawson's sister Blanche, who wore a bonnet with white flowers, and had just renounced the name of Stuart for ever.

Mrs. Lambley, like the Stones, continued faithful to Hibernia Terrace, although I fancy she had very different reasons for her faithfulness. The widow knew that the carpet—the carpet with the footstools—would be easier to raise than to lay down again, and she had a shrewd suspicion that her chairs and tables might be warranted not to stand moving.

She still had plenty of little whims, and a "protector" when she could get one at fifteen shillings a week. Johnson's hair grew, and the wonderful apron ceased to hide her completely from mortal view. Her appetite was still one of the minor trials of her mistress's life.

George and Phyllis continued Mrs. Lambley's staunchest friends. They never came to Hibernia Terrace without visiting her, and talking of old times. I think Mrs. Graham loved No. 27 quite as well as No. 9. If brick walls had feelings No. 9 would have been awfully jealous.

Lazarus Scarem never met with success in life; perhaps he had too had an opinion of the world to deserve that it should treat him well. He went out to the South Sea Islands very soon after Jane's wedding.

He worked very hard and made himself very miserable, and all to no apparent good. He never made a fortune. His poem, "Why do People Sigh?" never grew famous. He came back to England in about a year just as poor, just as sad as when he left it.

Then George Graham took him by the hand, and got him the post of doorkeeper, or porter at a public institution. He received a pound a week, and his employers, being a board of hospital doctors, did not object to his looking miserable, and miserable he always would look to the end of his days.

His is a sad fate; naturally desponding, his despair has gained on him and robbed his natural abilities of their powers. If Jane had waited for him, certainly she would have had to wait a long time, he might eventually have got on.

When she jilted him it completed the failure of his hopes. He never formed a wish or hope again. On Sunday afternoons he goes sometimes to tea with Mrs. Lambley, but he will never seek to change his position. He will live and die a porter at the Hospital, at a salary of twenty weekly shillings.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A PEACEMAKER.

CHRISTMAS had passed, and Madeline had spent it far from her home at Luton Rectory, for Sir Roland and his daughter still lingered in Rome, and Madeline could not bring herself to leave Juliet, who had grown dearer than ever to her during these months of close companionship.

Gerald Yorke was there, too; these two who once had been so near to each other, met coldly and calmly as indifferent acquaintances. No effort of Juliet's could place them on a more cordial footing. Madeline, who was her darling friend, her father's counsellor, her grandmother's stay, seemed less to



[GARRY AS PEACEMAKER.]

Captain Yorke than the little spaniel who loved to sleep at her feet.

No date had been fixed for the wedding. Sir Roland alone alluded to its taking place when they were home in the spring. Juillet smiled half sadly. She looked at the ring Gerald had placed on her finger just twelve months before, and sometimes she thought it might never have to change its place, never have to give way to a plainer, more common one, that band of simple gold which is always the dearest feature or the most hated chain of a woman's life.

Madeline was the first to whom she breathed the thought. They were alone together on one of the first days of the New Year, and she said suddenly:

"Madeline, do you love me?"

"You know I do, my darling," answered the other, bending over her.

"No," said Juillet, simply, putting her slight, thin hand into the other's, "I never doubted anyone, you least of all. Come closer, dear. I want to talk to you."

"You had better rest yourself, Juillet, while the others are out."

"It is because they are out I want to talk. You must not tell them what I say. I don't want them to know it. At least, not yet."

Madeline knelt down beside the couch, Juillet's hand still in hers, her face half buried in the folds of the invalid's dress.

"Madeline," began Juillet, in her low, clear voice, "I want you to do something for me, to promise me something. I can't be happy unless."

"What is it, darling?"

"I am dying. Don't shake your head; it's true. Papa does not know it, Gerald only fears it, but I am certain of it. I shall never be his wife, I can never be papa's comfort. Promise to take my place."

Madeline sobbed aloud.

"It is true, dearest," said Juillet, tenderly. "I have feared it for some time. I made the doctor tell me to-day?"

"Don't, Juillet," burst forth Madeline. "I cannot bear to think of it, you so young and good, so loved. Oh, why can't I go, I could be spared, no one would grieve for me."

"I am happy, Madeline, my darling, indeed I am, you must not grieve like this."

"How can you be happy at the thought of leaving all you care for, of all the joy which might be yours?"

"It is mine now; if I lived years, could I be happier than I am, could more love be showered out on me. Besides, I know all now, I know how my mother died. Madeline, isn't it better for me to go now, than to live to become what she did?"

"You may be mistaken," persisted Madeline. "I am not, I have been schooling myself for days to the thought. You will all go home without me, I shall never see England again."

"But your home, your beautiful home which you were so fond of?"

"I shan't be forgotten there, perhaps it is selfish, but I couldn't bear to think I should be forgotten. It must be your home now, Madeline, you must be papa's daughter, you have no father, he will soon be childless, you two must comfort each other. Promise me!" she urged.

"Juillet, if aught that I can do could help Sir Roland to bear your loss, I would gladly do it, but a stranger can do little to replace his only child."

"You can do much, he loves you already dearly, you have promised me to fill my place—to be his child."

"If he so wills."

Madeline's voice was almost inaudible. Juillet pressed her hand, for awhile both were silent, their hearts were too full for speech. Juillet was the first to find words, perhaps it was easier for her to go than for Madeline to be left, perhaps Sir Roland's daughter felt that very soon her earthly sun would set, and she wished to lose no chance of confiding all her cares to her friend.

"Then my father will be yours, I leave him to you. But Gerald?"

Her voice changed as she spoke his name, her love for him was her strongest tie to earth. She could leave her beloved home, her doting father, almost without regret, but the parting from this man, to whom all her life's love was given, and who had never been able to care for her with passion in return, cost her a pang more bitter than the rending asunder of body and soul.

"Madeline," spoke the dying girl, with that clear foresight which sometimes comes to those who stand at the border of life's stream, "he has never loved me as I have him, he could not; he has been good and tender to me, he has made me happy, but I was never all the world to him; it is better so, though I never thought I could believe it, he won't feel the loss so much."

"Juillet, you mustn't talk like this. I know

Captain Yorke loves you, that he will miss you bitterly."

"He will miss me," answered Juillet. "It is not in Gerald's nature to forget, he will remember me as something gentle and helpless, who clung to him for support, but he will not feel as I should have done, had I lost him."

Madeline did not answer her, she felt that Juillet was right, but words failed her to say so. The shadow which had always prevented their union was present still, that shadow was the secret in Madeline's past.

"You will tell my father, Madeline?"

"I!"

"Yes, you who are to take my place, and be his other child, no one can break it to him like you. Mamma and I won't have been long divided, Madeline, she will soon have her child again."

Madeline never knew how she told Sir Roland and Lady Frances; their grief was very deep; both might have expected Juillet to smooth their downhill of life, and to lose her at twenty, in the flower of her youth, was a cruel blow. At first they would not believe their trouble, it seemed too great, too awful to be true, but the English physician who had confessed her danger to Juillet, did not hide it from Sir Roland; nothing could be done, nothing could be tried, he assured the agonised father. She was fading gradually away, there was no perceptible disease, she only grew weaker and weaker, she would probably pass away in the early spring.

She had no sorrow, no trouble, all that love and care could do to make her happy was done; and she was happy. Oh, happier far to sink away Gerald's betrothed, feeling him all her own, surrounded by his loving watchfulness, than if she had married him, and found out too late the truth of her words to Madeline that she was not all the world to him.

No one mentioned her danger to him, she had so willed it, he must not be troubled too soon, so he knew nothing, and with him she was her best and brightest, able to talk to him and laugh, until one day he told her jestingly he believed she was only a spoilt child, who seemed very ill just to be petted and made much of.

There was one day, which, to his life's end, Gerald Yorke could never forget, one scene so vividly impressed on his memory, that in the dark after-time it seemed ever present with him.

(To Be Continued.)



[A FRIEND OF IRELAND.]

DUBLIN DAN;

OR,

THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOLAN.

CHAPTER IV.

DAN IN NEW YORK.

"I KNOW more about you, Dan Deering, than you imagine," began the stranger.

"How is that?" inquired Dan, astonished at his familiarity with his name.

"You told the hotel clerk who you were, but he not being a Fenian was not as well posted as I am."

"I am not a Fenian," said Dan.

"Yes, you are. Your father is one of us. I have had a telegram this afternoon informing me of his accident, at which I am deeply grieved."

"I don't think he is much hurt. Father has often been thrown when out foxhunting."

"Let us hope he is not, for he would be a serious loss. I knew that Dublin Dan was coming on here," continued the stranger, with a smile.

"Did you expect to see me?"

"Frankly, I did not, but I understand your position. Luke Deering is a villain, and for the present he has got your mother's ear."

"He has."

"How is it you are not at your school?"

"Mr. MacManus has gone to Galway until the vacation is over."

The stranger cast down his eyes as if in deep thought.

"Dan Deering!" he exclaimed, after a pause, "I feel that I can trust you, because you come of an intelligent and large-hearted race, and you love Ireland."

"As my life," replied Dan.

"Would your absence from Ireland for a month injure your prospects in any way?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Will you go to New York for me?"

It was now Dan's turn to be thoughtful, for this proposition took him completely by surprise.

"In the first place," he said, "I must know who you are."

"That I cannot tell you," replied the stranger.

"Why do you want me to go to America?"

"To take a letter."

"Cannot you send it by the mail?"

"No; the Government agents might open it."

"Write it in cipher," suggested Dan.

"Useless," replied the stranger. "I could invent no cipher which the acuteness of the agents of the British Government would not find a key to."

"Have you no one else to send?"

"No one I can trust."

"But you have never seen me before," said Dan.

"That is true. This is our first meeting, and it is an accidental one. However, I know you come of a high-spirited Irish family, and you are just the bold, devil-may-care boy I want."

"Won't you tell me who you are?"

"My name for the present is the 'Friend of Ireland.' I can give you no other."

"And the letter?"

"I have two copies of my letter. If you consent to go to New York for me, I would like to have you put one in your boot, the other in the lining of your hat, so if you lose one you are likely to retain the other."

"Give me the letters!" exclaimed Dan.

"Will you go?" asked the Friend of Ireland.

"I will."

This answer was the result of a sudden determination which Dan came to.

What was the use of his staying in Dublin?

His schoolmaster was away, and would not be back for two weeks, and if he went back to Loughmahon, his course would not be at all dignified, as Uncle Luke would induce his mother to scold him constantly.

He did not think his father was in any great danger, and an absence of a month would not injure him in any way.

It would show his uncle his independence; it would enable him to see something of the world, and last, but not least, it would benefit the cause of Ireland.

The glorious cause which had often made his young heart beat wildly.

Independence for the land of his birth, the red beneath the green, and an Irish Parliament on College Green, the same as it was before Castlereagh fraudulently brought Erin into the union.

"Yes," he repeated, "I will do what you ask me. No, Friend of Ireland—I can call you nothing else at present, although I hope we shall know one another better some day."

"Don't doubt it, my boy," replied the stranger, "Give me your instructions and I'll be off at once."

"You are quite a little man of business," said the stranger, with his accustomed smile. "Come into my hotel and I will fix everything."

They crossed the street side by side and were about to enter the hallway of a small inn when the stranger stopped suddenly.

"Did you see the face of that man?" he asked.

"Which one?" demanded Dan.

"The fellow who followed us across the street. There he is again, eyeing us from the corner. Now he is gone; did you see him?"

"I just caught a glimpse of his face as he passed under the lamp," said Dan, "and he was wonderfully like Peter Mahoney, but that can't be, because he is at Ballyhoolan."

"I, too, thought it was Mahoney."

"You! do you know him?"

"I have made it my business to travel around, and have been in your section. There is scarcely a spy and a traitor in the country that I have not had pointed out to me."

Dan regarded this man with admiration.

He was a more wonderful man than he had at first supposed, nor was this remarkable, for the stranger was the famous head-centre of the Fenian Brotherhood, the life, the soul of the movement, even then plotting under the very eyes of the Government.

Dan followed him into a private room.

The stranger looked the door and placed a brace of revolvers on the table.

"I am always prepared," he remarked, with a smile.

Dan had not been a moment in the private apartment of the hotel with the stranger, before a knock came at the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the stranger.

A man entered who he will pause to describe, because he proved himself to be one of the most untrustworthy men that patriots ever associated themselves with.

He was sharp and clear of feature, his hollow eyes set far under the caverns of his brows; he had a retreating chin, and sharply angular jaws, which Lavater says is the type of a weak man.

This fellow was the means of bringing many good and true men within the tenacious grasp of British law.

"Ah, Corydon!" exclaimed the stranger.

"My dear friend!" replied Corydon. "I knew

that Captain Moriarty would always give a welcome to a friend of Ireland."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I was told that you were staying at Carey's Hotel."

"By whom?"

"Friends in Francis Street and Ward's Hill," replied Corydon, who was afterward destined to be the most pliable and efficient informer that the Government ever had.

Turning to Dan the stranger exclaimed:

"My dear boy, I cannot conceal my identity any longer, since it has been revealed by our friend here. I am Captain Moriarty of the United States army, and am over here in connection with the Fenian Brotherhood, with a view to the liberation of Ireland."

"What is the meaning of a Fenian, sir?" asked Dan.

"A Fenian was in the third century a follower of Finn, a famous Irishman in the service of King M'Cormack. They were the bravest of the brave, and protected Ireland from all her enemies. The modern Fenians propose to do the same," added the captain, with a smile.

He rose, and, placing some glasses and a bottle of claret on the table, invited Corydon to help himself.

"Let me see," he said: "I haven't seen you since Stephen Meaney introduced us at a meeting of the Detroit Circle."

"No," replied Corydon.

"Who sent you over here?"

Corydon handed him a letter, which Captain Moriarty read attentively.

"So they have settled on the fifth of March for the rising," he muttered; "and the attack on Chester Castle will take place later. Good!"

Dublin Dan caught these words, and saw that important events were on the eve of occurring.

"What is this boy doing here?" inquired Corydon. "Surely he is too young to be a friend and confidant of Captain Moriarty."

The captain placed his hand on Dan's shoulder. "Sir," said he, "this boy is the only son of our good friend Deering, of Loughmahon, near Ballyhoonan."

"I have heard the name," answered Corydon.

"The Deerings were ever loyal to the cause, and, as Ennifallan, which is close forinst Ballyhoonan, is a town where they keep a regiment of redcoats, it is an important strategic centre."

"That's so," replied Corydon, who looked at Dan as if he was taking mental notes of him.

"I am going to send Dan Deering—Dublin Dan they call him—over to New York," answered Captain Moriarty.

"With what object in view, may I ask?"

"I want definite information about the leaders we may expect over here, the funds that are to be supplied; and I especially want to know when Bourke, McCafferty, and the rest are coming."

"Why not send a man?"

"Because I would rather trust this boy," answered Moriarty. "Young as he is I am sure he is reliable. If asked where he is going, he will say on a visit to his aunt in Brooklyn."

"Will he take letters?"

"Yes, but they will be carefully concealed. You shall see how we intend to do that. Take off your right boot, Dan."

Dan did as the captain requested him.

A letter which Moriarty took from his pocket was placed on the sole of the boot, and a cork sole put over it.

"Now put on your boot again; he can't lose that, and who in the world would think of looking for a letter in such a place?"

"You're right," answered Corydon, who was attentively listening to everything that was said and everything that was done.

"I have duplicated that letter," answered Moriarty, "so that if anything did happen it, my messenger will be able to fall back upon a copy."

"Where will you secrete that?"

"In the boy's hat. Thus," said the captain, who, taking up Dan's felt hat, pinned another envelope containing a letter in the lining.

"Who are you writing to?" inquired Corydon, lighting a cigar in a care-less sort of manner, and helping himself to some wine.

"O'Donovan," answered Moriarty.

"Rosa," exclaimed Corydon. "Is his place still the headquarters of the centres?"

"It is."

"When shall I be off, sir?" asked Dan, looking at the clock on the mantel, which marked a quarter past seven.

"How do the trains run?" inquired Moriarty, addressing his visitor.

"To Queenstown. He'll go by the Great Southern

and Western Railway, and start from Kingsbridge station."

"Yes."

"There is a train at ten o'clock."

"That will do," said the captain. "I don't care so long as he catches the Celtic to-morrow afternoon."

"He'll accomplish that easily," replied Corydon. "Dan, my boy, I congratulate you upon being a Deering, which means a friend of the chief organiser of the brotherhood in Dublin."

"I will do my best, sir," answered Dan.

"That he will," cried Moriarty. "I'd stake my life on that boy. Look at his open, manly face, full of daring, and cautious withal. Now that telegraphic despatches by cable are tampered with, letters are not safe in the mails, and the accused spies of the Government are all around, I look upon my 'Boy Express,' if I may call it so, as a great invention."

"That's what it is," answered the traitor, smoking as calmly as if he had no conscience, and adding, cheerfully: "Let us have an hour of quiet enjoyment."

"Just one word about business first," replied Moriarty. "I see in this letter you have brought me that you are to proceed to Belfast."

"Unless you think I should be more useful here."

"No; go at once to Belfast. You had best be in Hannahstown, where you will be less likely to attract attention. There are men in the Fall Road and the Shankhill Road, who have pikes and other arms stowed away. From the Ulster depot you can travel occasionally to Dundalk. I am informed that some of the Orangemen there are for us."

"I will remember your orders, captain," replied Corydon.

After this brief conversation, Moriarty sang "Who fears to speak of '93?" and Corydon followed with "The green! oh, the green! 'tis the colour of the true," which was received with great applause.

"Can the boy sing?" asked Corydon.

"I'll give you 'Oushla gal Machree," replied Dan, and he did give it with a vim, which brought him hearty praise.

"I wish," said Captain Moriarty, "that all the hearts in Ireland was as true as Dan Deering's."

Corydon seemed to wince at this remark, but with a light laugh, he replied:

"You can bet the whole nation is with us."

"Well," said Moriarty, with a sad smile, "it is impossible to rend the veil of the future, but if I were in Mountjoy prison to-night, with the scaffold looming black before me, I would not regret having raised the banner of revolt, and done what I could for dear old Ireland."

His eyes were moist with tears of sympathy and enthusiasm as he spoke, and he turned away to hide them.

As the time of departure was now drawing near, the captain ordered a car, and taking leave of Corydon, drove Dan to the station.

He supplied him with money for his journey, and gave him a small religious emblem to wear round his neck.

"Heaven protect you!" he exclaimed, shaking his hand. "I shall expect to see you back in about three weeks. Remember how much depends upon your discretion."

"All right," answered Dan, who sprang into the train, which almost immediately started for the south.

For a time he could scarcely realise all that had happened to him in so short a space.

His father badly injured, Uncle Luke ruling and advising his mother at Loughmahon, himself on a journey of six thousand miles in the capacity of a trusted messenger of a secret society.

It seemed like a dream.

The carriage in which he was seated contained only one occupant besides himself.

This he remarked, and settling himself in a corner went to sleep.

He did not wake up for some hours, and when he did, he half opened his eyes, looking dreamily around him.

The oil lamp at the top of the carriage gave a fitful and sickly light, which was not improved by the jolting of the train, which, being an express, was travelling at the high rate of speed of fifty miles an hour.

The fellow traveller whom he had previously remarked had left the carriage, but there was someone in his place.

Dan knew this because the first man was stout, and the second one thin.

The train must have stopped while he was asleep, which enabled one to get out and the other to enter.

Tired and sleepy as he was, Dan fixed his gaze upon the new-comer, who was awake and smoking.

A long grey beard and whiskers grew on a face, which though not destitute of expression, could not be called intellectual. His silver hair indicated that he was over fifty years of age.

There was something in the face of this person which puzzled Dan, because he thought he had seen him or some one like him before.

He was tormented by what he fancied was an imaginary resemblance. Again he fell into an uneasy doze.

Strange dreams came upon him, making him feel ill and uncomfortable. At one moment he was involved in the wreck of the train which had collided with another; the next moment he was strangling in the sea with dozens of huge snakes and curious monsters after him, thirsting for his blood.

Then he thought the grey-haired elderly man was bending over him with a long-bladed, sharp pointed knife in his hand.

His cold glassy eye glared down upon him, and the deadly weapon was already at his throat, when with a cry of affright Dan awoke. To his surprise the stranger was standing over him. But he held no knife in his hand.

It was not empty, however, for in it was Dan's hat.

"Give that here," cried Dan.

He did not like any one to tamper with his hat because in the lining was concealed the duplicate of the important letter upon which hung, as he supposed, the fate of Ireland.

"Pardon me," replied the stranger. "Your hat fell off in your sleep and I was about to hang it up for you, lest you might soil it with your feet."

"Oh, thank you," said Dan, rather ashamed of the harsh way in which he had spoken.

"You are welcome."

He took the proffered hat, and placed it on his head without pausing to look if the letter was safe.

The stranger was so civil and polite that he thought it wrong to have any suspicion of such an amiable and agreeable person.

"Going far?" asked the stranger.

"To Queenstown and then across the water," replied Dan.

"Indeed, you are quite young to travel so far. I am only going as far as Cork. My name is Deems, and I am in the wine trade. Glad to see you if you should come my way."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," replied Dan.

Suddenly it struck him that he saw Mr. Deems put something which resembled a letter from his hand into his pocket.

Instantly he took off his hat, and felt in the lining for the letter.

It was gone!

With a cry of rage and disappointment he sprang to his feet, and looked angrily at his fellow passenger.

CHAPTER V.

HARD LUCK.

"My letter!" he exclaimed. "Give me what you stole out of my hat while I was asleep!"

"I don't understand you," answered the man who had called himself Deems.

"No foolishness. I will have it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Yes, I will, and in a manner that I'll bet you won't care about," replied Dan.

He was determined to waste no farther time in parleying.

With an energy born of despair he rushed upon Deems, seizing him by the beard.

To his astonishment it came off.

Dan stood holding it in his hand, and staring wildly at the man, exclaimed:

"Is it you, Mr. Corydon?"

The stranger was no other than the informer, Corydon, skilfully disguised.

No one knew his real character as yet, and Dan thought that he ought to treat him with respect as he was a friend of Captain Moriarty. Still his conduct was so peculiar that it required an explanation.

For a moment Corydon's eyes twinkled like those of a wild beast in search of prey.

He even went so far as to produce and toy with a daintily made pistol.

But this state of mind was only momentary.

His stern countenance relaxed, and with a smile he held out his hand, while with the other he removed the gray wig which covered his head.

"My dear boy," he said, "I cannot praise you too highly. Your conduct has been excellent."

"What do you mean?" asked Dan.

"You are engaged in an important mission. I am sure this disguise to try you."

"To try me?" repeated Dan.

"Yes; to test you, of course. You must sleep, but another time arrange your hat so that it will not fall on the ground."

"Give me the letter," exclaimed Dan.

"Willingly."

Corydon handed him an envelope with a direction on it.

After taking a rapid glance at it, Dan said:

"This won't do?"

"Why not?"

"It is not the letter."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I bit a piece out of the lower left hand corner and this envelope is untouched."

Corydon bit his nether lip.

"Capital. You are a boy in a thousand," he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of such sagacity in one so young?"

"I know what I'm about."

"This is your letter. I only gave you the second one to see if you were really deserving of the trust reposed in you, and I shall be able to report well of you at headquarters."

Dan scarcely knew what to make of this strange behaviour of Mr. Corydon, but he concluded that he was acting under orders from his superiors, and putting away the genuine letter, sat down again.

"Do you smoke?" asked Corydon.

"No, sir, nor drink, either."

"Happy boy. You have no small vices. Yours ought to be a great future."

The train now slackened speed, and it was evident that a station was being neared.

"Deering," said Corydon, "what would you have done if I had not given up that letter?"

Dan produced a pistol which Captain Moriarty had given him, and as the light fell on its gleaming barrel, he replied:

"Shot you like a dog?"

"But I might have shot first."

"No, sir, I would not have given you the chance."

"You are a brave boy, and I commend you. Be careful. I must leave you now, for I have tested you and found that you are worthy of being trusted with the lives of your fellow countrymen."

He held out his hand, which Dan grasped a little reluctantly. It felt cold and clumsy.

Dan could not tell why, but he did not like this man.

There was something warm-hearted and generous about Captain Moriarty, but Corydon was like his Uncle Luke, cold and artificial.

You could not like him, try as hard as you would.

Corydon got out when the train stopped, and Dan saw him speak to someone who also alighted. Then Corydon went away and the other man got in again.

It might have been fancy, but Dan thought he knew the face of the second man.

The gaslights flickered feebly, the view was but momentary, yet he could have sworn it was Peter Mahoney, from Ballyhoonan.

Again, it might have been fancy, but Dan seemed to hear these words: "Don't lose sight of him, and get the letters at all hazards."

It did not occur to Dan, as the train rushed along again at lightning speed, that Corydon was a traitor, and that he coveted the possession of Moriarty's letters above all things.

They would be splendid evidence against the prominent conspirator, and go for a great deal before a jury.

Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the journey, and arriving at Queenstown he went on board the tender and was conveyed to the steamship, which soon afterward started on its trip over the wide Atlantic.

Dan thought of the numbers of his countrymen who of late years made that long and stormy voyage, leaving all they loved behind them, to begin life again in a new world, among strangers, and without friends.

After placing his valise in his state-room he came on deck to take a last look at the Irish shore.

Standing amidst ships, he was surprised to hear his name mentioned.

"That's him, by the holy pater! That's Mather Deering—Dublin Dan we call him. Oh! bedad, and this is the blisid day intirely."

Looking in the direction of the steerage from whence the voice proceeded, Dan, to his great surprise, recognised Peter Mahoney.

"Is that you, Peter?" he exclaimed.

"Shure an' it's me mother's son, Mather Dan," replied Peter.

"What brings you here?"

Dan asked this question somewhat snappishly, for he could not help remembering that he had seen some one like him in Dublin, and again at the waystation, talking to Corydon.

Peter's reputation at home was none of the best, and Dan was determined to be on his guard in talking with him.

"Didn't they send me to Dublin after you, an' didn't I hear that you'd gone across the say to Ameriky," replied Peter.

"From whom did you hear it?"

"Who should I hear it from but your friend Captain Moriarty, who is ivry inch of him a gentleman to send a telegraphic dispatch to your mother, and the lady started me off to see if I could find you."

"Moriarty telegraphed to my home?" repeated Dan.

"I own to my soul he did that same, sorr."

"I can't quite understand it," Dan said, thoughtfully.

"It's aisy enough of underhandin'. Mather Dan. Yez'll comprehend it all soon enough."

"Explain it to me."

"When your father died——" began Peter Mahoney.

"What!" cried Dan, interrupting him.

"Shure an' I thought yez knew that, Tom Deering, your father, died from the fall off his horse the very night you left. You hadn't been gone four hours before the case had a fatal determination, as the doctor called it."

"Good Heaven! my father dead!" was all that Dan could say.

He would have given worlds now to be on dry land and hasten back to Ballyhoonan.

Why did he start on his wild errand.

It was all his Uncle Luke's fault.

A dizziness came over him, and he staggered as the ship rolled, falling into the scuppers.

Peter Mahoney picked him up and steadied him.

"Aisy now, be aisy. Don't take it to heart too much, ma bouchal. We all owe Heaven a death, though it is hard on you. More by token that your Uncle Luke says your father has left him all the estate by will, and your mother and you will have to peg out of Loughnashun."

"Worse and worse. I didn't think I could hear so much bad news at once," replied Dan.

"Yez won't be at the wake—that's one thing certain."

"Man alive!" cried Dan, "can't you hold your tongue. You let it run on as if you wished to drive me mad. Father dead! Uncle Luke his heir! There is some fraud about this."

"I wouldn't say that, sorr."

"I'll swear it. Luke came down to Ballyhoonan with his horse to kill my father, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd forged his will."

"That's givin' him hard words, Mather Dan."

"No harder than he deserves. Come with me to my state-room. I must be calm. The sea is rough, and I'm no sailor. I feel ill and your news has not tended to make me feel better."

"It's rough on you, I'll adrit that," answered Mahoney.

"I'm rendered fatherless and penniless at one blow."

"Wirra! wirra!" answered Mahoney, with a show of sympathy; "I'd like to have brought you better news."

"I don't blame you. Come along," said Dan.

"Sure an' I'm a stray passenger, and mustn't pass the ropes."

"Is that so? Well, lay me down on the deck. I'll get a cool breeze here, and the shock will pass off soon."

Mahoney took off his coat and made a pillow for Dan's head. For more than an hour he lay like one stunned, unable to move or to speak.

The motion of the vessel, and the terrible news which he had heard so suddenly and unexpectedly, almost sent him out of his senses.

For some days he was very unwell, and Mahoney obtained the captain's permission to wait upon him.

To Mahoney's apparent astonishment, Dan insisted upon sleeping with his right boot and his hat under his pillow. Nor would he explain why he did so.

At last New York was reached.

Dan felt better, and only wished to deliver his letters so that he might get home again.

It was too late now to attend his father's funeral, but he could comfort his mother, and perhaps put some check on Uncle Luke's insolence and pretensions.

Peter Mahoney had been so kind and good to him, that he quite altered his opinion of that person.

They descended the gangway of the ship together. Peter saying:

"An' where will yer honour shlaup the night?"

"I suppose the people I am going to will take care of that."

"Are they real first-class Irish gentlemen?" inquired Peter.

"You may judge for yourself; for I think I may venture to take you with me?" answered Dan.

"Troth, an' I wouldn't lave yez. Didn't yer dead father—rest his soul!—always think a deal of me, an' wasn't it your sorrowing mother who sent me after yez?"

"So you say."

"Devil a word of a falsehood in it," said Peter, solemnly.

The luggage of each was contained in a valise, carried in the hand.

This a Custom House officer briefly examined, and chalked, allowing them to pass out of the wharf.

On the avenue, all was confusion. Waggon carrying freight blocked the street cars, and excited people elbowed and jostled one another.

Near the river's side a couple of dozen men had assembled to see a fight, and the crowd was gradually increasing.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Peter: here's a fight. "We can see that for nothing, Mather Dan. What do you say?"

"I'm agreeable," Dan answered.

They pushed their way into the crowd, which was composed chiefly of stavedores' labourers, and saw two men pouncing away at one another without much regard for science.

Suddenly one man went down, and there was a cry of "foul."

The excitement increased.

Other men began to fight, and before he could see where it came from, Dan received a heavy blow between the eyes.

He saw a quantity of stars, and fell back on his head. For a brief space he was unconscious, but when he came to himself he found a boy about his own age holding up his head, while a policeman, toying restlessly with his club, was standing by.

"Well," said the policeman, "if he's a friend of yours, you can take him away, but you'd best hurry up, and keep out of fights."

"Yes, sir."

The crowd having dispersed, the boys were alone, and Dan looked up curiously at his new friend.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"I'm a newsboy. Happened to see you knocked down, and thought I'd save you from being arrested by the police, so I said I was your friend."

"Thank you. Who hit me?"

"That feller you was talkin' to."

"Peter Mahoney?" said Dan, in surprise.

"I don't know his name."

"Where's my hat?"

"That's the funny part of it," answered the newsboy. "Soon as the feller socked it to you, he off with your hat an' one of your boots, an' somebody else took your valise."

Dan's heart sank within him.

Now he could see that Peter Mahoney was a spy, and that the traitor had been too smart for him.

"What is your name?" he asked of the boy.

"Joe Spivens, or Harlem Joe the chaps call me."

"Mine is Dan Deering; they call me Dublin Dan."

Now, Joe, will you tell me what to do if I tell you all about myself?"

"I'll help you with my advice," replied Joe Spivens, who was quite a little man in his manners.

"An' tell you what, newsboys are mighty smart—they see a heap of life, they do."

"So I should think," replied Dan.

"It's gittin' kinder late," continued Joe; "suppose we go to our hotel."

"Where's that?"

"The Newsboys' Lodgin' House. I'll take you. Are you fixed?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you any stamps—money?"

"Oh! yes," replied Dan, pulling out of his pants' pocket a handful of gold and silver.

"Here! put that away. Oh, my!" cried Harlem Joe, in ecstasy; "don't I see a lot of oyster stows comin' to me, and bully seats at the Bowery. My luck's dead on. This beats the deck, this does."

Dan smiled at his friend's enthusiasm, in spite of the misery in which he was plunged.

How could he face Captain Moriarty's friends in Chatham Square without the letters.

The letters were addressed to "Rosa and others," Chatham Square, New York city.

To lose them at the last moment, and in such a way, too, was doubly aggravating.

It is not too much to say that the boy would rather have lost his life than the sacred trust which had been given to him.

(To be Continued.)

THE new twin vessel on the principle of the Catalin will be in Dover's ungentle waters, we understand, in May.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER V.

BEATRICE BELKNAP.

THAT afternoon Miss Beatrice Belknap drove her pretty black ponies up the avenue to the Forrest House. Miss Beatrie, or Bee, as she was familiarly called by those who knew her best, was an orphan and an heiress, and a belle and a beauty, and twenty-one, and a distant relative of Mrs. Forrest, whom she called Cousin Mary.

People said she was a little fast and little peculiar in her ways of thinking and acting, but people charged it all to the French education she had received in Paris, where she had lived from the time she was six until she was eighteen, when, according to her father's will, she came into possession of her large fortune, and returning to England to live, came to Rothsay, her old home, and brought with her all her dash and style, and originality of thought and character.

The Rothsayites received her gladly, and were very proud and fond of her, for there was about the bright girl a sweet graciousness of manner which won all hearts, even though they knew she was only bored with their quiet town, and humdrum manner of living, and that at their backs she sometimes took them off and ridiculed their dress, and talk and walk, and sometimes, I am sorry to say it, ridiculed their prayers, too, especially when good old Deacon Reed or Sister Baker took the lead in the little Methodist Chapel, in the corner where Bee was sometimes to be seen.

Bee had no preference for any church unless it were St. Peter's, in Rome, or St. Eustace, in Paris, where the music was so fine, and some of the young priests so handsome.

So she went where she listed, kneeling on Sunday in the square at St. John's, where her father had worshipped before her, and where she had been baptised, and the Sunday following to the sect called the Mayarites, because, as she expressed it, "she liked the excitement, and liked to hear them holler."

And once the darling girl had "hollered" herself, and had the "power," and Sister Baker had nearly split her throat with rejoicing over the new convert, who she said, "carried with weight and measure," but when it was whispered about that the whole was done for effect, just to see what they would say, the Mayarites gave poor Bee the go-by, and prayed for her as that wicked trifter, until it came to the building of their new church, when Bee, who was a natural carpenter, and liked nothing better than lath and plaster and rubbish, made the cause all her own, and talked and consulted, and paced the ground, and drew a plan herself, which they finally adopted, and gave them two hundred pounds besides.

Then they forgave the pretty sinner, who had so much good in her after all, and Bee and Sister Rhoda Ann Baker were the very best of friends, and more than once Rhoda Ann's plain Mayarite bonnet had been seen in the little phaeton side by side with Bee's stylish Paris bat on, which the good woman scarcely dared to look at lest it should move her from her serene height of plainness and humility.

In spite of her faults, Beatrice was very popular, and nowhere was she more welcome than at the Forrest House, where she was beloved by Mrs. Forrest, and worshipped by Rossie as a kind of divinity, though she did not quite like all she did and said.

Often, many and varied, Beatrice had had, both at home and abroad. She might have been the wife of a senator. She might have married her music teacher, and her dancing teacher, too.

She might have been a missionary, and taught the Feegee Islanders how to read. She might have been a countess in Rome, a baroness in Germany, and my lady in Edinburgh, but she had said no to them all, and felt the hardest wrench when she said it to the Feegee missionary, and for aught anybody knew, was heart whole and fancy free when she alighted from her phaeton at the door of Forrest House the morning after Everard's arrival.

She knew he was there, and with the spirit of coquetry so much a part of herself she had made her toilet with a direct reference to this young man whom she had not seen for more than a year, and who, when joked about marrying her, had once called

her old Bee Belknap, and wondered if any one supposed he would marry his grandmother!

Miss Bee had smiled sweetly on this audacious boy who called her old and a grandmother, and had laid a wager with herself that he should some day offer himself to "old Bee Belknap," and be refused!

In case he didn't she would build a church and support a missionary there five years! She was much given to building churches and supporting missionaries—this sprightly, dashing girl of twenty-one who flashed, and sparkled, and shone in the summer sunshine, like a diamond, as she threw her reins over the backs of her two ponies, Spitfire and Starlight, and giving each of them a long caress bade them stand still and not whisk their tails too much, even if the flies did bite them.

Then, with ribbons and laces streaming from her on all sides like the pennons from a mast, she went fluttering up the steps and into the broad hall where Everard met her.

Between him and herself there had been a strong friendship since the time she first came from France and quipped it over him on the strength of her foreign style and a year's seniority in age.

From the very first she had been much at the Forrest House, and had played with Everard, and romped with him, and read with him, and driven with him, and rowed with him upon the river, and quarrelled with him, too—hot, fierce quarrels—in which the girl generally had the best of it, inasmuch as her voluble French, which she hurled at him with lightning rapidity, had stunned and bewildered him; and then they had made it up, and were the best of friends, and more than one of the knowing ones in Rothsay had predicted a union some day of the Forrest and Belknap fortunes.

Once when such a possibility was hinted to Everard, who was fresh from a hot skirmish with Bee, he had, as recorded, called her old, and made mention of his grandmother, and she had sworn to be revenged, and was conscious all the time of a greater liking for the heir of Forrest House than she had felt for any man since the Feegee missionary sailed away with his school mistress, who wore glasses, and a brown alpaca dress.

Bee could have forgiven the glasses, but the brown alpaca—never, and she pitied the missionary more than ever, thinking how he must contrast her Paris gowns, which he had said were so pretty, with that abominable brown garb of his bride.

And then, almost before the ship was out of sight, she had turned to fresh conquests, with always a thought of "the boy," as she called Everard in her heart, as something to fall back upon when she was ready to settle down and be sober.

Everard had never quite fancied the linking of his name with that of Beatrice in a matrimonial way, and it had sometimes lead him to assume an indifference which he did not feel, but now, with Josephine between them as an insurmountable barrier, he could act out his real feelings of genuine liking for the gay butterfly, and he involuntarily met her with an unusual degree of cordiality, which she was quick to note just as she had noted another change in him.

A skilful reader of the human face she looked in Everard's, and saw something she could not define. It was the shadow of his secret, and she could not interpret it. She only felt that he was no longer a boy, but a man, old even as his years, and that he was very glad to see her, and looked his gladness to the full.

Bee Belknap was a born coquette, and would have flirted in her coffin had she been there, and the thing been possible, and now, during the moment she stood in the hall with her hand in Everard's, she managed to make him understand how greatly improved she found him, how delighted she was to see him, and how inexpressibly dull and poky Rothsay was without him.

She did not say all this in words, but she conveyed it to him with gestures of her pretty hands, and sundry expressive shrugs of her shoulders, and Everard felt flattered and pleased, and for a few moments forgot Josephine herself, while he watched this brilliant creature as she fitted into the sick room, when her manner suddenly changed, and she became so quiet, and gentle, and womanly, as she sat down by his mother's side, and asked how she was, and stroked and fondled the thin, pale face, and petted the wasted hands which sought hers so willingly.

Bee Belknap always did sick people good, and there was not a sick bed in all Rothsay, from the loftiest dwelling to the lowest tenant house, which she did not visit, making the rich ones more hopeful and cheerful from the effect of her strong, sympathetic nature, and her bright way of putting things, and dazzling, and bewildering, and gratifying the

poor, who felt greatly the honour of her visits, and with whom she often left some tangible proof of her presence.

"You do me so much good; I am always better after one of your calls," Mrs. Forrest said to her, and then, when Bee arose to go and said:

"May I take Everard with me for a short drive?"

She answered, readily:

"Yes, do. I shall be glad for him to get the air."

And so Everard found himself seated at Beatrice's side, and whirling along the road towards the village, for he wished to post his letter, and asked her to take him first to the post-office.

"What would she say if she knew?" he thought, and it seemed to him as if the letter in his pocket must burn itself through and show her name upon it.

And then he fell to comparing the two girls with each other, and wondering why he should feel so much more natural, and as if in his own atmosphere and on his good behaviour, with Beatrice than he did with Josephine.

Both were beautiful; both were piquant and sharp, but still there was a difference. Beatrice, though "wild as a hawk," never for a moment allowed him to forget that she was a lady and a gentleman; never approached to anything coarse or rough, and he would as soon of thought of insulting his mother as to have taken the slightest familiarity either by word or act with Bee.

Josephine, on the contrary, allowed great latitude of word and action, and by her loud, free-and-easy manner often led him into doing and saying things for which he would have blushed with shame had Beatrice, or even Rossie Hastings, been there to see and hear. Had Josephine lived in London or any large city, she would have, he was conscious of feeling, more respect for himself than he had felt in many a day.

They had left the village now, and were out upon the smooth road, where they came upon a young M.D. of Rothsay, who was jogging leisurely along in his high sulky, behind his old sorrel mare.

Beatrice knew the doctor well, and more than once they had driven side by side amid a shower of dust along that fine broad road; and now, when she saw him and his sorry-looking nag, the spirit of mischief and frolic awoke within her, and she could no more refrain from some saucy remark concerning his beast and challenging him to a trial of speed, than she could keep from breathing.

Another moment and they were off like the wind, and to Bee's great surprise, old Jenny, the sorrel mare, who in her long past youth had been a racer, and who now at the sound of battle felt her old blood rise, kept neck to neck with the fleet horses, Spitfire and Starlight, both doing their best to win.

At last old Jenny shot past them, and then, in her excitement, Beatrice rose, and standing upright, urged her ponies on until Jenny's wind gave out, and Starlight and Spitfire were far ahead, and rushing down the turnpike at a break-neck speed, which rocked the light phaeton from side to side, and seemed almost to lift it from the ground.

It was a decided runaway now, and people stopped to look after the mad horses and the excited but not in the least frightened girl, who still standing upright with her hat hanging down her back, and her hair a little awry, kept them with a firm hand straight in the road, and said to the white-faced man beside her when he, too, sprang up to take the reins:

"Sit down, and keep quiet. I'll see you safely through. We can surely ride as fast as he can. I rather enjoy it."

And so she did until they came to a point where the road turned with the river, and where in the bend a little schoolhouse stood.

It was just recess, and a troop of boys came crowding out, whooping and yelling as only boys can whoop and yell, when they saw the ponies, who really frightened, now shied suddenly, and roared high in the air.

After that came chaos and darkness to Everard, and the next he knew he was lying on the grass, with his head in Bee's lap, and the blood flowing from a deep gash in his forehead, just above the left eye. This she was staunching with her handkerchief, and bathing his face with the water the boys brought her in a tin dipper from the schoolhouse.

Far off in the distance the ponies were still running, and scattered at intervals along the road were fragments of the broken phaeton, together with Bee's hat, and worse than all, her wig. But Bee did not know that she had lost it, or care for her ruined phaeton.

She did not know or care for anything except that

Everard Forrest was lying upon the grass as white and still as if he were really dead, and in the girl's heart there was a great throb of pain which told her he was more dear to her than she had ever supposed, more even than the Feejee missionary, whose wire had worn the brown alpaca when she sailed away upon the seas.

But Everard was not dead, and the doctor, who soon came up, with the panting, mortified Jenny, said it was only a flesh wound, from which nothing serious would result.

Then Bee thought of her hair, which a boy had rescued from a playful puppy who was doing his best to tear it in pieces.

The sight of her wig made Bee herself again, and with many a merry joke at her own expense, she mounted into a farmer's waggon with Everard, and bade the driver take them back to the Forrest House.

It was Rossie who met them first, her black eyes growing troubled and anxious when she saw the bandage on Everard's head, and how pale he was. But he assured her it was nothing, while Bee laughed over the adventure, and when the judge would have censured his son, took all the blame upon herself, and then, promising to call in the evening to inquire after the broken head, departed in search of her truant horses.

CHAPTER VI

MOTHER AND SON.

THAT afternoon Mrs. Forrest seemed so much better, that even her husband began to hope, when he saw the colour on her cheek, and the increased brightness of her eyes. But she was not deceived. She knew the nature of her disease, and that she had not long to live. So what she would say to her son must be said without delay.

Accordingly, after lunch, she bade Rossie send him to her, and then leave them alone together. Everard obeyed the summons at once, though there was a shrinking fear in his heart as he thought, "Now I must tell her of Jossey," and wondered what she would say. Since his drive with Beatrice, it did not seem half so easy to talk of Josephine, and that ceremony was very far away, and very unreal too.

His mother was propped up on her pillows, and smiled pleasantly upon him as he took his seat beside her.

"Everard," she began, "there are so many things I must say to you about the past and the future, and I must say them now while I have strength. Another day may be too late."

He knew to what she referred, and with a protest against it all, told her she was not going to die; she must not; she must live for him, who would be nothing without her.

Very gently she soothed him into quiet, and he listened while she talked of all he had been, and all she wished him to be in the future. Faithfully, but gently, she went over all his faults, one by one, beseeching him to forsake them, and with a bursting heart he promised everything which she required, and told her again of the reform already commenced.

"Heaven bless you, my boy, and prosper you as you keep this pledge to your dying mother, and whether you are great or not, may you be good and Christianlike, and come one day to meet me where sorrow is unknown," she said to him finally; then, after a pause, she continued: "There is one subject more of which, as a woman and a mother, I must speak to you. Some day you will marry, of course—"

"Yes, mother," and Everard started violently, while the cold sweat stood in drops about his lips, but he could say no more then, and his mother continued:

"I have thought many times who and what your wife would be, and have pictured her often to myself, and loved her for your sake, but I shall never see her; when she comes here I shall be gone, and so I will speak of her now, and say it is not my wish that you should wait many years before marrying. I believe in early marriages where there is mutual love and esteem. Then you make allowance more readily for each other's habits and peculiarities. I mean no disrespect to your father, Everard; he has been kind to me; but I think he waited too long: there were too many years between us; my feelings and ideas were young, his middle-aged; better begin alike for perfect unity. And, my boy, be sure you marry a lady."

"A lady, mother," Everard said, thinking of Mrs. Fleming and Agnes, and wondering if his mother would call Josephine a lady."

"Yes, Everard," she replied, "a lady in the true sense of the word, a person of education and refinement, and somewhere near your own rank in life I do not think I am proud, but I never believed in the Maud Muller poem; that is, never was sorry that the judge did not take the maiden for his wife. He might, perhaps, never have blushed for her, but he would have blushed for her family, and their likeness in his children's faces would have been a secret annoyance. I do not say that every mesalliance proves unhappy, but it is better to marry your equal, if you can, for a low-born person, with low-born tastes, will, of necessity, drag you down somewhat to her level."

She stopped a moment to rest, but Everard did not speak for the fierce struggle in his heart. He must tell her of Josephine, and could he say that she had no low-born tastes? Alas, he could not, when he remembered things which had dropped from her pretty lips so easily and naturally, and at which he had laughed as at something spicy and daring. His mother would call them coarse, with all her innate refinement and delicacy, and a shiver of cold ran through him as he seemed to hear again the words "I pronounce you man and wife."

They were always ringing in his ears, louder sometimes than at others, and now they were so loud as almost to drown the low voice which after a little went on:

"I do not believe in parents selecting companions for their children, but surely I may suggest—only suggest, you know. You are not obliged to follow it at all. I would have your choice perfectly free," she added, quickly, as she saw a look of consternation on his face, and mistook its meaning. "I have thought, and think still, that were I to choose for you, it would be Beatrice."

"Beatrice! Bee Belknap! mother," and Everard fairly gasped. "Bee Belknap is a great deal older than I am."

"Just a year, which is not much in this case. She will not grow old fast, while you will mature early; the disparity would never be thought of," Mrs. Forrest said. "Beatrice is a little wild, and full of fun and frolic, but under all that is a deep-seated principle of propriety and right, which makes her a noble and lovely character. I should be willing to trust you with her, and then your father's heart is quite set on this match. I may tell you now that it has been in his mind for years, and I so much desire you to please him, both for his sake and yours. I hope you will think of it, Everard, and try to love Beatrice; surely it cannot be hard to do that."

"No, mother, perhaps not," Everard said, "but you seem to put her out of the question entirely. Is she to have no choice in the matter, and do you think that, belle and flirt as she is, she would for a moment consider me, Ned Forrest, whom she calls a boy, and ridicules unmercifully? No, she would not have me, were I to ask her a thousand times."

"I think you may be wrong," Mrs. Forrest said. "Women can read each other by some subtle power, and though she may call you a boy, and treat you as such, I believe your chance with her is good, and I hope you'll take it. It surely can't be that you love some one else?" and she looked at him searchingly.

Now was the time to speak of Josephine, if ever, and while his heart beat so lightly that he could hear it, he said:

"Yes, mother, I do like some one else, I—it is a young girl in Holburton, where I staid last summer. She is very beautiful. This is her picture," and he passed Josephine's photograph to his mother, who studied it carefully for two or three minutes; then turning her eyes to her son she said:

"Yes, she is beautiful, so far as features and complexion are concerned, but I am greatly mistaken in you if the original of this face can satisfy you long."

"Why, mother, what fault have you to find with her? Isn't she a born lady?" Everard asked, a little scornfully, for he was warming up in Josephine's defence.

"Don't misunderstand what I mean by a lady," Mrs. Forrest said. "Birth has not all to do with it. Persons may be born of the lowliest parentage, and in the humblest shed, but still have that within them which will refine, and soften, and elevate till the nobility within asserts itself, and lifts them above their surroundings. In this case," and she glanced again at the picture, "the inborn nobility, if there were any, has had time to assert itself, and stamp its impress upon the face. How old is she, Everard?"

"I believe she is twenty-two. Possibly a little more or less," Everard replied, and a smile flickered about his mother's lips as she said:

"A year older than Beatrice, whom you thought

an antediluvian. But, no matter, you cannot think seriously of this girl."

"For pity's sake, mother, tell me what you see to dislike so much in Josephine?" Everard burst out, indignantly.

His mother knew he was angry, but she would not spare him, lest a great misfortune should befall him.

She saw the face she looked upon was very fair, but there was that about it from which she shrank intuitively, her quick woman instinct telling her it was false as fair, and not at all the face she would have in her boy's home; so she answered him unhesitatingly.

(To be Continued)

SCIENCE.

THE use of continuous brakes is becoming very general on most of the leading main lines of railway, and is also being adapted to local train services. On the Great Northern and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire through express train running between London and Lancashire the Smith vacuum brake is in regular use, and it has also just been applied to the trains running on the South Yorkshire line between Sheffield and Chapeltown. On all the Midland fast trains the Westinghouse air brake is in operation.

IMITATIONS OF MALACHITE AND OTHER STONES.—A process, says the Mining Journal, of decoration, which is calculated largely to extend the use of terracotta, has been invented by Mr. Charles Brook, of the Watcombe Works, St. Mary Church, Devon. He mixes various earths and oxides, the colours and proportions of which will depend upon the special class of object to be imitated, and blends them at such a consistency as prevents their mingling too much together. He then covers the surface of the article to be decorated with a veneer or thin layer of the blended materials. He next glazes the surface with a lucid glaze, and submits the article to burning; the result being an exact imitation of the description of stone or marble desired, and which is more durable than the real stone itself. This process can not only be used for ordinary pottery, but is also applicable to a great variety of purposes, such as architectural columns, bosses, panels, inlays for furniture, columns for busts, vases, and other kindred purposes.

ROMAN COINS.—As some of the servants of the Lowestoft Gas Company were the other day breaking up the ground about 2½ ft. in depth, at the top of Howard Street, for the purpose of laying the Company's pipes, one of them struck with his spade what he conceived to be an earthenware pot, and from it some "old buttons," as the man termed it, at once came out. Calling his fellow workmen to see what he had done, they gathered round him and began to rub some of the dirt off the "buttons." Finding they presented a whitish appearance, they took some of them to a dealer in coins, who gave them 10d. apiece for some half-dozen. The owner of the estate through which the road was being made (Mr. W. R. Seago), hearing of what had transpired, caused inquiry to be made, and the result has been that four teen of the coins have been secured, and prove to be of a highly interesting character. As far as they have at present been deciphered, one belongs to the reign of the Emperor Domitian, A.D. 81; three to that of Antoninus Pius, A.D. 138; one to that of Aurelius, A.D. 161; and another to that of Severus, A.D. 195. The vessel in which they were discovered is found to be a specimen of pure Roman pottery, and is believed to have been a vase of considerable beauty. In the vase was also discovered an enamelled brooch, which most probably had adorned some Roman belle.

SOLAR SPOTS.—Gauthier states that as the result of three and a half years of observations on the solar phenomena, by means of the equatorial of the observatory at Geneva, kindly put at his disposition by Professor Plantamour, he finds himself entirely justified in concluding perfectly with the theory of Zollner as to solar spots being scorin floating upon the liquid, and possibly even within the denser, gaseous portion of the solar surface. They are apparently the result of cooling, depending on the radiation from the surface of the sun; and this explanation by Zollner is the only one that seems to him not to contradict both ordinary laws of physics and well-known facts.

A GERMAN chemist observes that the sodalic salt of vanilla should be found in the refuse liquor of the wood-pulp of conifers. Vanilla in a crystallised form has not yet been obtained in this way, but attention

is directed to the possibility of the extraction of vanilla from the refuse liquor of paper-mills, where wood-pulp is largely used, proving a lucrative branch of industry.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHEN Taraxacum returned from his entertainment, only just in time enough to get our things together for a start, he seemed so entirely to have succeeded in assuming the mask of gaiety, that I verily believe that, until he saw me again, he had clean forgotten the whole of the morning's dreadful business; he was in the most uproarious spirits at having chaffed them all—meaning the whole mess of his new friends the dragoons, as he declared—clean off their legs.

After a tremendous feed at the restaurant they had all adjourned to the friendly major's own quarters, where the varmint doctor had sung his best songs, which De Lyons had responded to by some of his most rattling German-drinking choruses, in which he had made them all join.

Then they had a turn-up with the foils, with which he had made such good use of his pet under twist that he had gained a signal victory, not only over the slashing subaltern—who knew well what he was about too, though he was so round, and had pinned his waist all up into the tip of his nose—but had even puzzled the regimental maître d'armes himself, into the bargain.

And he now seemed to have brought the whole regiment, all the officers at least, at his heels, who attended us in a body to the bureau des postes, to see us off, and to drink bon voyage to us both—for I was included in the compliment—in bottles of champagne, which they had brought with them for the purpose.

"I really wonder that you have not more good feeling, my dear fellow," I said, remonstrating as soon as we were clear off the rattling stones and could hear one another speak.

"Oh, what's the odds! There can be no use in making ourselves miserable about what cannot be helped; it won't stick the poor old gentleman up again, you know; and for that matter they wouldn't let me try when I wanted to do so. Besides, he was no friend of ours—quite the reverse, in fact; and it was by no fault of his that we are not both of us at this moment lying stiff, and stuck through the gizzard, in the nasty cold damp grass behind that chapel-place, or in the public morgue—if there is such an institution at Lyons—with our clothes hanging upon a peg above us, and a stream of cold water dripping on to our noses, which actually gives me the creeping shivers even to think of, in this beastly cold weather. Considering the circumstances, I really think that so far from making ourselves miserable, we ought to feel particularly jolly—as I must confess I do—at getting uncommonly well out of what might have turned out an ugly scrape enough for one or other of us, or perhaps both, take it which way you will."

We were rattling over the ground at a tremendous pace, and though I could not help feeling myself invigorated and the better for the motion, I again and again found myself brooding and, as it were, almost fretting over my thoughts in the corner.

"That wretched Gorles," I said, at last, breaking a long silence, "has already, either directly or indirectly, been the cause of every misfortune I have met with in my life; but—"

"Well, at any rate," cut in De Lyons, "if he did indirectly let you and me into the scrape this time, you cannot deny that he has managed to get us out of it again, in about the only way that could have happened, without causing the delay and detention, which would have been so important to you; and your poor father's accident is a misfortune which you cannot certainly in any way connect any agency of his with directly or indirectly."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "though even in that I should not be surprised to find that he was somehow at the bottom of it. I can hardly tell now under what convictions I spoke, as you shall hear presently, thus prophetically; but if it had not been for Gorles, the letters would not have been delayed, and I might have been with my poor father by this time."

"As to his having brought us out of the last scrape, has it not been by a mean and cowardly use of his strange and unhalloved powers for evil?—and have we not too much reason to feel disgraced in having forfeited our characters as gentlemen and

men of honour, in having by such means escaped from the consequences of our own challenges? I, for my part, feel that in my own conscience I can never hold up my head fairly again."

"Oh, bother what one's own private conscience may think about the matter! as long as we came off with flying colours in the eyes of the other party. And it strikes me (if you will only excuse my plain speaking) that you had not so much to say about disgrace, or were quite so punctilious about your honour, this morning when I first woke you up."

"In the strange state of spirits in which I then found you, there was nothing small you would not have said or submitted to, to have got, no matter how, off facing your man; and I could not have strung your nerves up into the order I did without Gorles' assistance. I think you owe him a good turn for that anyhow; for the restitution was, after all, entirely his doing, though I persuaded and forced him into it, and I think you ought to feel obliged to him."

"For my part, I really believe in his professions of good-will and attachment to yourself notwithstanding your suspicions and accusations against him. He certainly meant what he was saying, when he expressed such regret and anxiety on your behalf, and declared that he would gladly do anything in his power to help you through that trouble, and prevent your risking your life for what was his own fault."

"And for that matter, he has been as good as his word, with a vengeance—having gone, I guess a trifle further than he himself intended or reckoned on; but still you know he did intend it all for the best all the time."

"And do you really mean to argue," I asked, angrily, "that I ought to feel grateful and indebted to a little monster who has thus degraded me in my own estimation, by implicating me in a crime for which every one, even suspecting the fact, would look upon me with shame and horror? I certainly never thought that even his influence over me, powerful and evil as it was, could ever have caused me to become an accomplice, as I now feel myself to be, in a cowardly and cold-blooded murder."

"Hush; for goodness' sake don't talk so loud!—the guard-fellow in front there may overhear us. Half those fellows understand more English than you give them credit for, particularly such startling adjectives as you are now using," and he drew up the window between our compartment and that of the courier in front.

A needless precaution, however, for I relapsed into moody silence, and I do not think that we exchanged another dozen words during the remainder of our six hours' journey.

We arrived at Chalons in good time, and took our places in the railroad at once for Paris.

"Look this way!" cried De Lyons, "there's a coupé on the train. Let us bag it by all means. There is something extra to pay, but as we shall secure the two corners we are pretty sure to keep it to ourselves, and shall sleep all night as soundly as if we were in our own beds."

"And what a blessing to think," I added, "that we have got free of that horrible little brute Gorles: at any rate we shall not have a row to go through at every station. I suppose that he is by this time pretty well arrived at his journey's end?"

"Not till three a.m. to-morrow morning," replied Taraxacum, who was studying the indicator; "and we got in soon after four, as this train is an express, you see."

So we made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night.

That is an abominable trick they have on the French and other continental lines, of suddenly throwing open all the carriage-doors as they come past into the station, disturbing one, if asleep, and anyhow letting in a gust of cold wind sharp enough to cut one's legs off.

"Confound their officiousness!" growled De Lyons. "What do they want to do that for? I almost wish little Gorles was here for the moment—wouldn't he just have flown at them for their stupidity!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, as he leant forward to get hold of the swinging door, a small figure skipped nimbly in, passed him, and in less than a twinkling, was squatting up upon the top of the pile of bags and cloaks, grinning down upon us from the eminence.

Surprise, mingled with horror, positively took my breath away. I rubbed my eyes, and sat bolt-upright, staring at this apparition without uttering even a sound.

Taraxacum, for the space of some seconds, seemed as much aghast and taken back as I was, till at last he found words enough to ask in a sort of hollow whisper:

"Why, Gorles, where in the name of goodness do you come from?"

Before he had time to answer this adjuration, a porter came to the carriage-door with a parcel in his hand.

"Ah! my, sar, maircy bieng, soit ar-moi teo-dra-er," he said, in his peculiar French, as reaching across De Lyons, he took possession of the original sweet-meat bun.

"The fact is," he explained, "I had come quite to the end of those excellent bong-bongs, and on arriving here by the last train, had run in to the buffet to have it replenished. There were positively so many good things to choose from, I found it quite difficult to make up my mind; and so, though I sung out to them to wait only a moment, and that I should be ready in another minute, the train went on without me—and all my luggage, and the rest of my things with it. I will go plain to the directors, and have that rascally conductor dismissed, as soon as I arrive in Paris, as sure as I am alive; or I will bring an action against them, if it costs me a hundred pounds! I pitched into the station-master here, I can tell you, pretty freely, but the impudent rascal only shrugged his shoulders, and slammed his door in my face; I will have him dismissed, too, or I will know the reason why. However, I guessed you fellows might be in time for this next train, so I kept a look-out for you; and now here we are again together you see all right," and he gripped down upon us benignly, right and left, from his seat aloft, on which he was still perched.

Not one single word did I vouchsafe to answer him. I had turned round into my own corner with a shudder of horror and disgust, and pretended to be asleep, but I could not help hearing all he had to say for himself, as he and De Lyons kept up a continual chatter.

"Well," I heard him say as soon as we were again started; "so you must have got through that little affair in good time, and without any real fighting after all; the gallant captain not up to the scratch, and rather drowsy and hard to wake up, ay? If they got him down to the ground at all I will be bound to say he was not good for much I flatter myself; I had actually bound him over to keep the peace, for the next twelve hours at least, and I suppose he may be about this time waking up just comfortably. Of course it all went off as I expected—it takes two to carry out a duel satisfactorily; and so I suppose you waited at the place of assignation for a certain time, and finding that the other side didn't show, naturally came on your way rejoicing."

He paused, and I suppose looked carefully round to assure himself that I was fast asleep, for he then went on in a much lower voice, but I heard him.

"Our friend here didn't spring another leak in his courage pumps, did he? What a queer turn that was for him to take this morning; such a fine plucky fellow as he has always seemed naturally to be. But I suppose you brought him round all right, and up to the mark, by giving into that strange fancy of his as to how much my help could do for him. I do wonder why he so persists in cherishing that intense feeling against me always."

"There never was any love lost between you as boys," answered Taraxacum. "And then the way you carried on with that pretty cousin of his at Dresden."

"Well, I didn't know that he had ever seen her; besides, I had as much right to admire and try to win her affections as he had, if you come to that; and all is fair in love."

"Not to the extreme length you tried on, and in which I am always so glad to think I effectually sold you. But he knows more of that matter than you think—but never mind all that now."

I fancied that De Lyons noticed a movement of struggling wrath and fury as I lay trying and pretending to be asleep; and he thought it might be as well to change the conversation.

"Never mind that," he said; "but just tell me shortly what you did, or rather fancy you did, with the captain this morning. What room had you gone creeping into, when I woke and missed you?"

"Why the captain's—as you yourself told me, numero sankant six."

De Lyons immediately went off into a roar of laughter, as if it was really the very best joke in the world, and then exclaimed:

"The captain's indeed! ha, ha, ha! not a bit off it; numero sankant six, as you call it, was where the old fellow slept, the peppery old vicar, and when they went into his room in the morning, there he lay as dead as a door-nail. You have put your foot in it this time, my interesting young friend, and no mistake."

And then he went on with a full and partizan account, embellished with his usual style of slang and irreverent illustrations, of the whole morning's scene and incident of horror.

I must so far give Gorles the credit to say that by the tone of his voice he did seem for the moment rather staggered at the news.

"Dead!" he said, with a long whistle; "you are joking surely; trying to exam me; ain't you, now?"

"Not a bit of it. We left the poor old coddler there in his bed as dead as Nebuchadnezzar; and so under the circumstances, as I tell you, the captain sent to cry off, and thus the matter was settled without any fight. It was stopped, you see, but not as you intended to manage it, 'cute as you are. But now make a clean breast of it, and tell me exactly, without any of your prevarications, what was your real share in this unlucky business."

"Oh," replied Gorles, after a pause, "all I know about it, is, that I went very softly into the room, which you told me was the captain's, meaning, as I now imagine, just to tell me. There was a night-lamp burning, but so dimly that I could only just make out a figure almost sitting up; he was so propped up by pillows in bed. I had him fast by the thumbs before he was well awake, and in my hurry I passed such a strong shock on to him, that I sensibly felt the difference in my own system. I calculated that upon a man in his full prime and vigour, which was what I supposed my patient to be, the effect would last for about ten or twelve hours—that is, that he would have been up waking just about now, at this hour of the evening, and have been by this time none the worse for his long sleep."

"But the old fellow must have seen you pretty plainly, too," answered De Lyons, in the most practical tone; "for there was your image fixed in the pupils of his filmy old eyes as distinctly as in any photograph, for anyone to see and recognise, if they had only thought of looking, as I did."

"Yes, that may be true, for just before he fell back, and I was making the last settling passes over him, a sudden light flashed out of his eyes, as bright as any lightning."

"That must have been the vital spark leaving him, under your very hands, remember that. Your extra strong shock must have produced a sudden seizure of the heart, for which very complaint they told us that he was on his way to Paris for medical advice."

"Ah, well then," said Gorles, quite coolly, "it was his own fault; he ought to have said so. How was I to know that? And after all, he may have been just going to die of heart complaint, anyhow, even if I had not interfered with him."

"But I hope nobody else seemed to suspect, did they? Our friend here, for instance (meaning myself)—what did he seem to think about it?"

"Cut up dreadful rough, I can tell you. It is just the sort of thing he would be apt to take strong views about; he is so fearfully sensitive. I was really almost afraid that he would have let the cat out of the bag; I mean, by letting them see that we knew more than we ought about the business. I was only too glad to see him clear off to his own room without compromising us. I fancy that you will find his tick against yourself stronger than ever, in consequence of this little misadventure—if that is possible."

"And thus the two went on, calmly discussing that old man's awfully sudden death, which one of them had, whether intentionally or not, most undoubtedly caused, with no more sense of guilt or remorse about them, than if it had been a dog."

"And there was I, shut up in the same carriage with two cold-blooded assassins, being myself almost an accessory, not to say actual accomplice, in the dreadful crime."

The very thought was becoming too horrible; it occurred to me, that if I really fell off to sleep, as I had been all the while feigning to be, it might suit their views to treat me in the same way, and I began to fall under the influence of a sort of waking nightmare, and to fancy that they had already done for me, and that I could even hear them discussing and joking over the fact, as they had just before been doing with their previous victim.

I could hardly restrain myself from screaming out for help, but I roused myself, and sat upright watching them.

They both of them addressed me, but I would not, could not, answer. I began to feel almost the same horror and loathing for De Lyons as for the other, though I soon had reason again to acknowledge his personal kindness and friendship for me, where such sentiments were of real value.

When they saw that I was awake, by way of changing their topic, they fell to discussing, and soon squabbling over that odious sweet-meat barrel again; but it was now full of cold outlets, meat pies, and such-like comestibles, which De Lyons fell upon with such remarkable avidity, that Gorles had to remon-

strate, and shut up his store and put it underneath him.

Then having sufficiently gorged themselves, they became silent, and seemed to have dropped off to sleep, but for some time I solemnly believe that Gorles slept with only one eye at a time.

Twice, if not three times, I sat up and stretched forward to look at him, and though he was snoring loudly, one of his eyes was wide open, and fixed upon myself with a stony glare.

I became so nervous, and, as it were, terror-stricken, that I could bear it no longer; but at the next station at which we stopped I jumped out, and ran along the train in hopes of finding room in some other carriage to which I might change.

There was not a single vacant place, so I was forced to return to the purgatory, or even worse, from which I had sought to escape. Then I must have fallen asleep again for some time, though I dreaded the very thought of doing so; but I was awake by a strong smell of fire—burnt cork, as it afterwards proved to be.

De Lyons was smoking at the time, and I supposed that a spark from his pipe must have fallen upon the lining or mat of the carriage. By-and-bye he was cautiously attempting another attack upon the provision barrel, but Gorles, though up to that very moment soundly snoring, was awake and down upon him like a shot.

Thus another night's journey wearily wore on. At Tonnerre we stopped, and all turned out for supper—or early breakfast I suppose it might rather be considered. The platform was on my side as I got out, and De Lyons followed me.

Though much disgusted with him, I did not mind speaking to him when alone; but when that Gorles was there I was determined that nothing should induce me to thus compromise myself.

Taraxacum was looking as full of mischief as any ape. He told me that Gorles was now really fast asleep in the coupé, and that he had slipped past without waking him. I saw that he was quite bursting to tell me something more, but I could not condescend to ask what it might be.

Just as everyone had finished, and the bell was ringing to warn us all back to our carriages, in rushed Gorles, looking more like his real character of a fiend incarnate than ever.

His nose was jet black, he had a deep ring of black round each eye, and his apology for a moustache and his eyebrows were also embellished with the same coal-black dye. De Lyons had been amusing himself at his chosen friend and accomplice's expense with a burnt cork.

Could anyone for a moment have imagined that either one of that couple had the crime of murder, and that of not twenty hours' standing, on their conscience! There was a pause of blank astonishment, and then a roar of laughter rang through the whole refreshment-room.

Gorles himself, not the least aware of the real cause, but imputing it only to the fact of his having over-slept himself, and arrived just in time to meet everybody scrambling back to their places, waxed furious.

He caught up a huge roll of bread, which he shied at the nearest grinning waiter's head, with an imprecation at his impudence, and throwing down the money for a bottle of cognac, which he carried off with him, bundled back to his place without having the least discovered the real cause of the general merriment.

All the rest of our way up, at every station at which we stopped, the conductors, the porters, the very engineers and travellers, hopping out expressly from their own places, came crowding round our carriage to gaze at Gorles, and then go off into shouts of laughter.

He grew perfectly wild with rage; he rushed at the window, cursing, swearing, threatening, and even bringing into use his old trick of spitting out at them, until I could bear it no longer.

I was in no humour to find myself again embroiled in some serious quarrel, so announcing my own repugnance, I desired De Lyons rather sharply to drop that game, and explain to his friend the real cause of the public wonder and merriment.

Thus enlightened, Gorles proceeded to wash or rather smear his face all round and round with his handkerchief, which he dipped into his brandy-bottle, the effect of which was, that having spread the dirty smudge pretty equally all over, he looked for all the world like one of those singing-niggers who go about the streets and raccoons; and having thus completed his toilet to his own satisfaction, the little beast presently fell asleep again, and rolled down on to the mat, under the seat, where he lay shuffling and snoring for the rest of the journey.

I had almost made up my mind to have dropped Master De Lyons's company, for, as I have said, I felt disgusted and horrified toward him as being no

better than a cold-blooded brute and murderer, but I saw that he was deep in the indicateur again, and as I wanted information, I asked him to see by what train I could get on to Abbeville with as little delay as possible, and how long I should have to stop in Paris?

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked Gorles from beneath the seat, "actually dead. Well, no one can say that it was my doing."

"He is t lying in his sleep," said De Lyons, administering a kick with his heel below; "and laughing, too, the awful little sinner. Only hark to him!"

I pulled my cap tightly down over my face, and shrunk into the corner of my seat terror-stricken; a shock almost as though of paralysis seemed to shiver up every nerve in my body; for even while that sudden and revolting peal of demoniacal laughter was still ringing in my ears, I distinctly saw a vision of my poor father presented before me as in a flash of lightning for a single instant before my mind. My eyes were covered and closed, but yet, as I say, I distinctly saw my poor father propped up on many pillows in a bed, just as I had seen the old vicomte that morning. There was a large clock in the room whose hands pointed exactly at twenty-three minutes to four.

There seemed also to be two or three figures round the bedside whom I could not, or at least did not, distinguish. One of them had my father by the hand, or might have been holding his pulse; another seemed at that very moment to enter hastily, and all turned anxiously towards him.

Then I heard my poor father, in his own natural voice, but speaking very, very weakly ask, "Has any one arrived?"

(To be Continued.)

LOVE AND HONOUR.

It hangs there on the wall, in its brightly-burnished scabbard, and tied tightly in its hilt, with a knot of faded blue ribbon, is a tiny gold cross.

Underneath the sword are two pictures—pictures of a woman's face. The first is wondrously lovely. The soft, dewy eyes look out from their curling lashes as if they sought the inner depths of your soul—eyes that can portray any emotion, from deepest pathos to sparkling, coquettish gaiety.

The bright hair ripples over the dainty head, and down on the snowy shoulders; and the whole face looks forth from a veil of misty tulle, which she seems to be holding back with one little hand—a face that reminds one of the Ouel's, the beauty is of so rare a type.

Both pictures are of the same woman; but until you have closely studied the outlines you will scarce credit it.

The second pose is even more striking than the first. The majestic head is turned almost into profile; and a corselet lace shawl falls away from the throat and arm, disclosing their great beauty. Her luxuriant hair is braided off the temples, and the whole character of the face is changed.

Cold as marble, save for the lovely lips, which even in this picture seem to breathe the passionate fondness; and costly jewels lie on the fair neck, and fasten up the yellow hair. The face of a Cleo, and one that was as fatal to all who looked upon it with eyes of love.

I had been dining that day with Clarence Hervey, in his bachelor apartments; and Raymond, his most perfectly-trained of servants, who had been with the major this dozen years, had noiselessly left us to the enjoyment of our wines and cigars.

Hervey was my beau-ideal of a cavalry officer; and one of my deepest regrets, in leaving the service, was the necessity of parting from him. My health had given out during the second year of the war; and, after sending in a reluctant resignation, I left for the south of France, from whence I had just returned, having, thank heaven, a new lease of strength and life.

Meeting Hervey at the Club, we had adjourned to his rooms; and it made the old soldierly blood tingle in my veins to listen to the stirring incidents of his campaigning life, with which he had been entertaining me during dinner.

Glancing about the room, in admiration of their perfect appointments and elegant furniture, my eyes happened to light on the pictures, and the sword hanging above them.

"Which of your various amours is that, Hervey?" I asked, carelessly, knocking the ashes from my cigar. "You seem to have some sentimental recollections connected with it, judging from its decorations, and the proximity of your two fair friends underneath."



[RETRIBUTION.]

"Don't, my dear Phil," and the major actually winced under my random remark. "That sword is none of mine; it belonged to Gordon Grahame."

"Good heaven!" said I, with shocked emphasis, feeling a lump rising in my throat, and quick tears to my eyes. Too well I remembered the beautiful, boyish face of Grahame, of "Ours," the pet of the whole regiment, and fairly adored by his men. I had heard of his melancholy death while I was abroad; and knowing of the deep, fervent attachment existing between Hervey and himself, I could have bitten out my tongue for bringing up his name with a careless jest.

"Yes," the major went on, after a brief pause, "that is poor Gordon's sword, his trusty friend in many battles. I believe you loved him, Phil; do you care to hear his story?"

"I have been wanting to ask you for particulars," I answered. "His death was an awful shock to me, for, as you say, I loved poor Gordon well. Beyond the bare intelligence, I know nothing; but you, of all others, can tell me how he fell."

A spasm of convulsed pain shot over Hervey's face.

"How he fell!" he echoed. "We do not even know whether he was shot in cold blood—it's likely. I tell you, Phil, my blood boils; but it's a long story. I don't think I could summon heart to tell it to anyone but you. Have you looked at those pictures? Do so before I commence, for, I swear, I believe, had it not been for that woman's fatal face, Gordon Grahame would be sitting here between us now."

As I moved over to study the pictures, Hervey followed me.

"Shall I present you?" he said, bitterly. "That is Valerie L'Estrange as I first saw her. Those pictures do not give you much idea of her, though, as pictures, they are perfect. You cannot describe her

beauty by any other epithet but glorious. She is that without dispute."

I turned to the second face.

"Stand aside with doffed sword and bated breath," he went on. "Madame la Marquise De Frontignac passes by! He is the present French minister, you know, and Valerie holds a veritable court of her own at St. James's. That monsieur is seventy odd, and with a reputation anything but spotless, is but a note in the brilliance of the belle position that Valerie worships. I say, Phil, is it not enough to sicken one to see how women are bought and sold in this enlightened nineteenth century of ours?"

We sauntered back to our easy chairs, and Hervey took a fresh cigar ere beginning his story. But I could not fail to notice that a heavy cloud seemed to settle down upon the soldier's frank, manly face, and at times his voice grew so broken and husky that I would not have recognised it.

"I don't quite remember," he said, "when you went abroad, but I think it must have been the winter of '63. Yes; well, in June of '61, Grahame and I had a month's leave, and came North together. I came as much on his account as my own—you know how dear that boy was to me. I loved him almost as I would love a woman. Gordon had been badly wounded in May, and I had only just got up from a rather bad fever; so off they sent us, with a promise from the colonel that at the first intimation of any fight we should be sent for. We had been but two days in London, when I received an urgent note from my old friend, Mrs. George Lorimer, begging me to join a large party that she had made up for West Cliff, and adding an equally pressing invitation for Gordon."

"By way of an additional attraction," she said, in a little postscript, "I must tell you that a beautiful niece of my husband's will be with us—a genuine Frenchwoman too. You remember Cora Lorimer? Of course, I knew in a moment what she meant.

One of George Lorimer's sisters, a woman whom I never saw, but of whose wonderful beauty I had heard much, married a handsome French count, and died abroad, leaving (as I afterwards learned) this only daughter. I told Gordon of the note, and the boy, who had been looking rather moped and worn, brightened up at the prospect of West Cliff, and the gay party who were always sure to surround Mrs. Lorimer. That same evening we called at the Lorimers, and were presented to Valerie L'Estrange. If her wonderful loveliness struck me almost dumb, you may imagine the effect produced upon a warm, susceptible nature like Grahame's. She was sitting at the piano when her aunt led us up to be introduced; and if the Cenci itself had walked down out of its frame above us, I could hardly have been more startled. Her resemblance to that famous picture was even more striking in life than that portrait gives it.

Heaven! and a swarthy glow dyed Hervey's face, no words can describe that woman. I wonder why I always think of the fabled Lorley of the Rhine when I look at her. Possibly because of her voice, which was like everything about her, purely perfect.

Our call that evening was not a long one, but Gordon came out in a state of excitement. I remember that he raved over her all the way to the hotel; and even sober I, who am not given to go into raptures over any woman, did something very like it over this one.

The next day we all started off for West Cliff. The party was quite a large one, Phil, twenty, or more of us. You know all the set—the fishers, Sanfords, Ives, Van Courtlands, with the usual beaux, and Gordon and myself for the military element.

It was early in June, and for a week we pretty nearly had Cozens' all to ourselves, which we did not at all object to. If I ever go to West Cliff again, (which I, probably, never shall do,) commend me to it either in June or the early part of September.

We had not been there three days, when I saw how matters were going for Gordon. His love for that woman was something beautiful to witness. His poet's soul, combined with his manly heart, ought to have been perfectly irresistible; I believe they were for awhile, even to her. Valerie began by devoting herself totally to Gordon, her "Chevalier Bayard," as she playfully called him, because of his enthusiastic love for his profession. It's hard work, even now, Phil, for me to believe that a girl of only seventeen could so act out and simulate a passion that was but a lie! I try to convince myself, sometimes, that, for a little, his devoted tenderness really touched her feelings—for heart, she had none. You see that little gold cross tied up in his sword hilt? That transaction first made me doubt her.

Hervey's voice broke down here, and he looked ghastly as I turned toward him.

There's no help for it, Phil, he said with a desperate attempt at a laugh. You are safe, so I may confess my own folly. I loved Valerie L'Estrange! Loved her so wholly, so madly, that, worthless though I know her to be, yet at this moment I love her madly still. You may judge what I suffered when I saw how Gordon's heart was bound up in her smile. I thank Heaven he never knew my secret; that I never was false to him, no matter what she was.

Valerie, with the unerring instinct which was peculiarly her own, seemed to read me at a glance; do what I would, I felt that she knew I loved her—and she tortured me. I thought it mere girlish innocence then—I know better now!

We were all out on the piazza one morning, after breakfast; as usual half the men around Miss L'Estrange. She was rolling up a cigarette for Gordon, and he was leaning over her chair in his graceful, lover-like fashion.

"I am so bete this morning," she said, in her pretty foreign accent, with a little pettish shrug. "My fingers are too clumsy, Captain Grahame. Why is it that I cannot do that which is to you so easy?"

"You are so impatient," said Gordon, smiling. "You did it beautifully for me yesterday."

"Ah, yes!" she went on. "I am too tired, to-day. What shall I do this morning? Let me see!" reflectively. "I will go for a long walk. Major Hervey, you promised me one two days ago."

"And I am here to fulfil my promise," said I, as I caught Gordon's quick glance of disappointment.

"We must go immediately, then," said Valerie, looking up at me in a way that set every nerve in my body tingling. "Will you hand me my shawl behind you, major?"

As she rose from her chair, the bunch of charms she wore on her bracelet caught on a button of Gordon's

sleeve, and a tiny gold cross fell from it, with a jingle on the piazza.

"Ah! I have you safe now, mon beau capitaine!" she said, with the arch naivete that was wittily winning, as Gordon stooped very low to disengage the trinket.

Standing close to them as I was, I heard his whisper.

"Chained in rose-fetters. Valerie, darling, give me that little cross."

But she chose to answer him aloud, for the benefit of us all.

"That's a very poetical idea," said she, looking innocent. "Give you the little cross, monsieur, it was a *gage d'amour* from my poor papa."

I stooped and picked it up for her. Gordon bit his lips, and shot the first fiery glance at me that I ever received from those gentle eyes. It pierced my heart with a pang bitter enough to quell, for an instant, any rising love for the woman who had bewitched us both.

After a few more laughing sentences, Valerie and I went off on that memorable walk. I don't know what sort of a spell that woman carried about her, but she made wild work of my heart during the next two hours.

If it had not been for the recollection of Gordon's reproachful eyes, I think I should have poured out all my love at her feet then and there.

She showed me a new side of her chameleon character—she was so gentle, so softly winning and tender; and that style of woman, of all others, plays the deuce with a rough soldier like me, you know, Phil.

As we were coming back to the hotel, she adroitly led the conversation to her little cross.

"I am so fond of it," she said, raising her lovely arm, and letting the sunlight strike across it, "it was the last thing poor papa ever gave me. I would like to give it to some real, true friend, Major Hervey; someone who would cherish it as a souvenir of Valerie when she is far away."

I took a moment's pause before answering her. I grappled with the strong temptation to carry the little jewel on my heart during the coming campaign, and then I spoke, carelessly enough, with the nonchalance that I knew always fretted her.

"You should have lived in the days of old, Miss L'Estrange. A knight to do battle for you, a *la Ivanhoe*, would be your beau-ideal." She shook her head a little.

"Eh bien!" she said, sighing softly, "I have failed to make myself understood where I am most anxious. But whatever Major Hervey may think of me, he is much nearer my—my—" She broke off, blushing crimson; then, in a lower tone, "Ah! do let Valerie be your good, true friend!" and with that last whisper on her lips she sprang up the piazza-steps, and joined Mrs. Lorimer, leaving me half mad between the conflict of my love and my honour.

That night, Phil, I saw, accidentally, the conclusion of the scene in which that cross, yonder, played a part. We were all going over to the graduating-hop, and the party was so large that it took some time to assemble. It was a very warm night, and after dressing, I loitered out on the upper piazza, knowing that I should see the ladies as they came out of their rooms to go downstairs. As I stood in a distant corner, out of the moonlight, I saw Gordon come out with Valerie on his arm. She was looking gloriously lovely; and before I could move, or give them any notice of my presence, I heard Gordon pleading his suit in glowing, tender words. She nestled down in his arms, and looked up in his face.

"It is so sweet to be loved," she said, softly. "Ah! my chevalier! promise that you will ever remember Valerie thus when the fortunes of war carry you from her side."

"My beautiful guiding-star!" he said, passionately, "if I only had more to offer you! I have nothing but my love and my sword, my darling—both are stainless! For your dear sake, I would have wealth to lay at your feet!"

He was looking down into her face, Phil; but I am certain he did not read Valerie's thoughts as I did. A subtle change crept over her brow, but her voice was sweet and loving as ever, when she answered him:

"You will make me famous with your sword, like the gallant marquis of your Scottish story, mon cher."

He answered with fond, noble words, but I grew faint as I watched them. Instinctive distrust of Valerie was creeping into my soul; and when she finally unfastened the little cross, and told him to keep it as a 'souvenir,' I thought of the tone and look with which she had sought to make me ask for it only that very morning. Could it be possible

that a creature so young, and apparently so guileless, could be so old in deceit?

"Keep it always, and remember my love, my Chevalier Bayard," she said, fastening it in his sword-belt with a bit of blue ribbon that she took off her dainty white throat. Gordon, like myself, was in full uniform, Mrs. Lorimer having alternately coaxed and scolded us into promising to shine forth at the hop with what she was pleased to call 'grand military effect.' I saw him kiss her twice, thrice, there in the moonlight; and then Mrs. Lorimer came down the staircase, and Valerie and Gordon followed her. I stayed there, Phil, and fought the weary, miserable battle out."

Hervey paused, drained a glass of champagne, and went on with a staid voice.

Men's hearts are in curious places. Even now, when I know Valerie to be

'The sort of woman women dread,
Then fatally adore,'

I cannot but remember how I loved her. It's very possible to break and shatter the vase, pour *tonjours*, but I agree with Tom Moore, that the scent of the roses will linger there! To this day I've never heard what that gay party thought of my not showing at the hop. I stayed for a bitter two hours on that piazza, and felt, when it was all over, that I had grown old. Then I got on my feet, and wandered down to the office in search of man's universal panacea and solace—a cigar; and there, among my letters, I found a huge envelope marked 'O. B.' It proved to be from the colonel; and although our leave was not out, he gave me sundry good and sufficient reasons why Gordon and I should be with the regiment at that time, provided the doctors thought it prudent.

For myself, active service was just what I should have asked for; but, as I read over Stanford's letter, I dreaded to think how heavily the summons would fall on Gordon. And I knew he was too much of a Lovelace not to feel that he 'loved honour more' than even Valerie L'Estrange's beautiful face.

When Gordon came home that night, I performed the ungracious task of handing him the colonel's letter. Poor boy! his handsome face grew pale, and his great eyes filled as he turned away from me to hide his emotions. He told me all his hopes and fears, all the story of his love for the beautiful Circe who had so fatally crossed our lives. I didn't like to think of it, Phil. Great Heaven! no fatal bullet sought his heart with as sure and deft an aim as that tiny white hand did within four short months. But I anticipate.

Their parting was sad and solitary enough. I think she did really feel it while his hand clasped hers; but then, perhaps, she knew how perilously lovely she looked in the role of Juliet! She gave him that first picture under the sword before he left; it was one she had taken just ere she sailed. It hung in Gordon's tent, and I only took possession of it after—you know.

Army life had lost its charm for Gordon by the time we got back to the regiment; and many a tough battle did I fight with myself before I could listen patiently to his lover's raptures.

The Lorimers had a sort of inkling of the state of affairs existing between Gordon and their niece; and though they were civil and polite enough outwardly about the 'understanding,' as they called it, I knew there was a tacit disapprobation running in a strong undercurrent against it. We had active service enough in the field, for the enemy kept us awake, as you know he was given to.

Time went on briskly until early in December, and then we heard that the Lorimers were in the capital, and that Valerie was reigning belle there, winning hearts by the score. Gordon began to talk impatiently of getting leave to run down and see her; and I, too, felt the 'vague, merest and nameless longing' that had proved so sore a fever before.

One morning I had an intimation from the colonel that "Ours" was to be transferred for special duty before the enemy, and on my way back to my quarters, stopped at Gordon's to give him the news. I met his orderly just coming out.

"Major Hervey," said the man, an excellent servant, and a good deal above his situation mentally, "I was just going out to find you. I am distressed about the captain; I'm afraid he's had some awful news from home. Ever since a letter came in, two hours ago, he has sat like a stone at the side of his bed, and once in awhile he gives a groan, that is like no earthly sound I ever heard." My instinctive distrust of Valerie took tangible form as I heard Morris's words, and as I hurried into Gordon's presence, I swore to myself that the arrow sped from that quiver. Phil, you would have been stricken with horror had you seen Gordon's face as it met my gaze. For a moment I thought that

mind and reason had both gone. His face wore a corpse-like pallor; the eyes set on vacancy; and the delicate lips were bleeding and flecked with foam, like a man seized with catalepsy. I shook his arm, spoke to him in vain. At last I drew his head down on my shoulders, and laid my hand on his curls softly.

"Gordon, my dear, dear boy!" I whispered. Some hidden chord was touched. He looked up in my face, a gleam of recognition in his eyes, his features worked convulsively, and he burst into sobs that I am confident saved him from idiocy."

Again Hervey broke down in his narrative. For myself, I own my eyes were full of tears.

"I saw that letter, Phil," he resumed, recovering himself after a brief pause, "and a more diabolical composition it was never my fortune to peruse; the mixture of truth and falsehood, love and indifference, were so deftly woven together. There was half a page descriptive of her love for him, a neatly-drawn picture of his pining for her in the distant camp; then that her life was wearing away under suspense. They wanted her to marry; and it was unjust to let both linger over their youth, waiting for the belle fortune that might never come."

"Ah! if she had only been an heiress. It would break her heart, but she must release him—would he do the same by her? Might she keep his letters and his picture? They were so dear to *pauvre Valerie*. Two lines of *melo-dramatic French* faro-well; another of pious commendation to *le bon Dieu*—and she was '*toujours votre amie desolee, Valerie L'Estrange*.'"

Do you wonder that, as I looked at that brave boy's beautiful head, bent down under the agony of knowing her falseness, that I cursed her with a bitterer oath than I ever would have believed I could bestow on a woman! Two days after the arrival of that letter, 'Ours' was off for duty before the enemy. My heart ached terribly for Gordon—the boy was so utterly changed. All life, all hope, seemed to have gone out of him for ever; and he tried to rally in a dull, hopeless fashion, that was even harder to witness than his apathy. Why, even the men seemed to feel that something had gone mortally wrong with him—you remember what a pet he was with all his company? I have seen a good many men suffer terribly at women's hands; but I never beheld anything that was an approach to the wreck that Valerie L'Estrange made.

After we had been a fortnight in our new position, Gordon applied to the colonel for an appointment to go off on secret service. It was hardly a raid, for he took a mere handful of men; but it was an expedition, which, if successful, was of the highest importance, and one that I would willingly have gone on myself. Nevertheless, it was desperately daring, for it would take him far within the enemy's lines—and I felt almost as if I were seeing him go to his death when I bade George good-bye. I shall never forget the hot, feverish hand as he clasped mine, or the convulsive pressure with which the boy strained me in his arms, and then actually kissed me! Rough soldier as I am, I am not ashamed to say that I left a few hard-wrung tears on his cheek.

Of course, you heard the story abroad, Phil, how the brave, young officer went to his doom. Not a man of his company ever returned to tell us how they fell.

The newspapers flamed with denunciations of another "barbarous invasion" by the enemy, and dealt in mysterious hints that were agonizing to Gordon's friends. It was a horrible blow to me; and I, as his dearest friend, had the work of packing up all his effects and sending them to his heart-broken mother.

But the strangest part of all is yet to come. In the closing campaign of the war, you know, gallant Phil Sheridan came to take part, and 'Ours' had a wild brush under our pet commander. During the battle, the colonel sent me with orders to a new regiment far on our left.

I took rather a circuit to get there, and on my way stumbled on a dilapidated hut in the heart of a pine-wood. In front of the shanty stood an antiquated negro, and I hailed him, asking the shortest cut. He stood still and stared at me for full a minute, and finally came close to me.

"Am you one of Major Lincum's men?" asked he, evidently much afraid to venture the question. In truth, my uniform was rather dubious, I having rolled myself up in a mackintosh, and being covered with mud."

"Yes," said I, impatiently; "have you heard any firing off in that direction?"

"No, massa, not since early dis morning. But I see got somefin' for you—somefin' I said I'd give to the fust Lincum so'ger. Nobody's come 'long hyar since."

"My heart leaped up in my throat, I thought in-

stantly of Gordon Grahame. Was I going to solve that dreadful mystery at last?

"For heaven's sake, old man," shouted I, shaking him by the shoulder, "speak out. Are you talking of a friend of mine, an officer?"

"Duono noffin' 'bout him, neither. A lot of rebs dragged a prisoner hyar one night last winter a most dead, all cut up and hacked like. I'd been willin' to die fur him, massa, he had such soft, kinder blue eyes, like a girl, and white hands. The so'gers cussed him awful—but I did what I could fur him, massa. And when they was cookin' supper, and drinking like mad, he asked me to try and bury his sword fur him. He said he'd throw it away in a lot o' bushes 'bout half a mile off; and then he said dat I mus' wait till the fust Lincoln so'ger came 'long and ask 'em to take it Norf. It is one thing I've clear forgot—I disremember him name, massa, tho' he telled me over twice. I've so scared; it's two names somefin' like, I b'lieve—can't swar, though."

"Gordon Grahame?" I gasped.

"Dat's him, massa, said the old man eagerly, dat's de name. Let's get de spade, and I'll give you de sword in five minutes."

The order had to wait, Phil, even if they'd court-martialed me for it. And from that loquacious old negro I got all that was left to me of Gordon Grahame. It was the dear old sword, with Valerie's cross, and the faded blue ribbon still hanging in the hilt. The honest old fellow had not disturbed it.

I gave him what money I had with me, and I sent him more after hostilities were over; and I questioned him closely of Gordon's fate, but could learn nothing.

He said they dragged the poor boy off at early dawn, and that is all we shall ever hear.

The sword was in its sheath, and as I rode off I drew it out. It was all stained and clotted with blood, but wound round it with the point cutting half through it, was a bit of paper with Valerie's address in full on it. I'll show you a copy of it in a moment, Phil, I've got it safely.

I reached the regiment I was looking for half an hour too late; but as good luck, or, rather kind Providence had it, no harm was done by my tardiness; and when I told the colonel my story, he said I'd better say nothing, and he never would blame me.

Those battles were the last of the war; and after the enemy's surrender I went on to the Department at the capital with some of our trophies—colours and arms. I was particularly anxious to go, as I had a letter from Amy Fisher, containing Valerie L'Estrange's wedding cards. Poor little Amy! She always had a penchant for Gordon; and there was such a vein of sadness running through her letter, that I fear it was even a tender feeling. I got to the capital the very night of Valerie's wedding. It was to be a magnificent affair, and a brilliant reception, afterward, at the Lormiers. You know they have a house in town. At Willard's I ran against Charley Fisher, and he invited me to go to the wedding with him. Accordingly we went. The whole ceremony is like a dream to me. In all her glorious loveliness I saw her once more; but between her face and the withered fantasia, Marquis De Frontignac, I seemed to see Gordon's sad, beautiful eyes.

After the ceremony, I went up with a tide of others to greet Madame la Marquise, and as I made lowly obeisance before her, I saw her start and shiver.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, monsieur," she said, hurriedly, giving me her hand.

I drew mine back. Charley was talking to the marquis, and I had time for what I wished to say.

"I do not offer you my congratulations, madame," I said, "for, from me, I think you would feel them but mockery. Neither have I come to witness your triumph empty handed. Far away, near a southern battle-field, among the dead and dying, I found a message for you, preserved by the fidelity of a poor old negro. I have pushed rapidly from headquarters to present it to you to night, madame. If it stinks you to look at, remember that the stains are gallant blood—mayhap from a heart that loved you not wisely, but too well!"

Her fingers closed convulsively over the paper; she shook violently from head to foot. At last I had forced that cruel heart to feel remorse, and in her deadly pallor and trembling lips I saw that Gordon was avenged—the arrow had spent home. I bowed, and passed on with the rest of the gay throng, and left the room in less than half an hour."

Harvey rose from his chair and went over to his desk, from which he took a small paper.

That second picture of Valerie was given me by Amy Fisher, said he, coming back to the table. I

hang both sword and pictures there. Phil, as a sort of memento mori. They are symbols of a love I never shall know again—of a friendship that I shall carry lovingly down to my grave."

"And this was the letter that Valerie, Marquise De Frontignac, read on her bridal eve:

"My darling lost love," it ran, "it is not given me to reproach you. But, from my grave, I ask you not to kill the happiness or hearts of other men as you have killed mine. If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven. Valerie, no other will ever love you as I have done. GORDON GRAHAME."

Harvey and I have never spoken of his story from that day to this; but we know that in our hearts his memory is sacred. I tell you the incidents as they were told to me—for "such as these have lived and died!" D. V.

FACETIÆ.

TANKER PARKER.

OUR American Special telegraphs, "For a long time past the issue of the presidential election has been involved in a Hayes." We have cabled him back to wire when he's wired to, and not Til-den. —Fun.

DEATH IN THE MILK-PAIL.—Le Crime de la Creme. —Punch.

A LITTLE INCIDENT.

(Jones has just purchased some Choice Plants. His knocker being off for repairs, he rings the area bell.) NEAR-SIGHTED SERVANT.—Hi! what do you mean by standing your dirty flower-pots on our clean step? Go along with ye! We don't want any! —Judy.

A WHISPER FROM THE LAST DRAWING-ROOM.

WHAT is the mode of expressing opinion most difficult to a lady in "full" dress?—Laughing in her sleeve. —Judy.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S MOTTO.—Don't let your spirits go down. —Judy.

MARCH MEMS. BY A MARCH HARE.

Don't object to borrow a friend's umbrella just because its Lent. —Judy.

You may expect this month the right about march of the Russian troops. —Judy.

Even the best of friends must part—their hair! To avoid blocks in the City, keep off the wood pavement. —Judy.

Any port in a storm, but '34 port is to be preferred. —Judy.

A medium cigar should always be smoked with spirits-and-water! —Judy.

Never send your kindred ties to the wash. —Judy.

IN GOOD COMPANY.

PEOPLE have been wondering why China should have taken the trouble to send an embassy to London, but now we have an inkling of the truth. The Celestials want a loan. —Judy.

Although an exclusive nation, this is a state of affairs in which they are not alone. —Judy.

Hot Quarters for Russian Troops—Between two fires. —Judy.

The Road to Ruin—Rotten Row's beyond it. —Judy.

INDIAN RELIEFS.

ALSOPP, "Simkin," and Bass. —Punch.

PROOF OF THE INTEGRITY OF THE LAW. —Punch.

THE return of the Lent asses. —Judy.

THE Next Great Boat Race—The next generation of Englishmen, of course! —Judy.

NEEDLEWORK NOTE.

PRINCE BISMARCK is greatly interested in Berlin work, which, we believe, is for the Ottomans. —Judy.

WHAT is the average horse-power of a donkey-engine? —Judy.

THE General Seat of War—The stool of repentance. —Judy.

How to Move Cleopatra's Needle—With gun cotton, of course! —Judy.

WELL WORTH SEEING.

ENGLISHMAN: "Did you see the crows at their penitence?" —Judy.

MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE SOHO: "Ah, yes, ze Oxford and ze Cambridge eight; but I have been told ze great sign of ze season will be ven vat you call ze Twickenham nit and ze Chiswick nit row off on ze water." —Fun.

"DIRECT FROM THE COW!"

LOCAL INSPECTOR: Oh, he has been vaccinated, you say! Then show me the marks on his arm! He has the marks, I suppose?"

MOTHER: Oh, that he hev, sir! But not—(driven into a corner)—it was this way, you see, sir! Farmer Aker's cow she runned after the children, and ketches my little boy, and torses him right over the hidge! But the marks—"

(Local inspector loses his temper.) —Punch.

WELL TURNED.

MINISTER (reproachfully, to bibulous village barber with a shaking hand): "Ah, John, John! That whiskey—!"

BARBER (condoleantly): "Aye, sir, it mak's the skin unso tender!" —Punch.

A VOLUNTEER OFFER.

ONE would like to know this "tall gentleman, having lately come into property," who advertises in a recent number of the "Daily Telegraph":

"MAJOR.—Wanted to purchase, the TITLE of Major or Colonel in a Volunteer regiment, by a tall gentleman, recently having come into property.—Address, with lowest prices, &c."

This would-be Major evidently thinks that when purchase was driven from the army, it found an asylum in the Volunteers. —Punch.

MUS. DOC.

DEGREE lately conferred by the University of Cambridge on Herr Joachim.—Fiddle D. D. —Punch.

ANAGRAM.

(On a faneous but delicate-throated singer.)

The audience in rapt impatience sits; Comes an excuse, and disappointment

hisses, —Punch.

Strange that "Sims Reeves," whose singing over hits,

By a mere shift of letters, "ever misses." —Punch.

A CRY FROM UNDERGROUND.

THE railway passengers' duty—to shut the door after him when he gets out. —Punch.

NOTE AND NOTES.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF sent "an additional Russian note" to our Cabinet the other day, and same evening went to hear Albani in "Rigoletto." Pronounce "wriggle letter," and business and pleasure come under the same head. —Fun.

AN IGNEIS FAT-UOUS.

A SHIP named "Star of Greece" has just accomplished a marvellously short passage from the Downs to Calcutta and back.

As she slips along at such a rapid rate, it is proposed to render the name "Star of Grease," a title which candle-light none so much as those who understand her "mould" of form and "composite" construction. —Fun.

MEM. FOR DR. SCHLIEMANN.

BROWN, who has been reading the Debates recently, says he's astonished to see the Declaration of Paris put down at such an absurdly recent date as 1855.

At the very earliest, he says, it must have taken place in the days of the "old masters." And he drags off all sceptics to the National Art Galleries and convinces them at once. —Fun.

BLUE RUIN.

THE man who lost his money over the University Boatrace was heard to declare that he'd "blued" his coin. —Fun.

MORE THE PITY.

THE Admiralty have entered into an arrangement with a Captain Coffin to raise the "Vanguard."

He is the Coffin and the undertaker too, and there is an appropriateness about his connection with such a job which is delightful. Except that the task is a resurrection rather than an interment. —Fun.

STAGE-STUCK.

WHAT the greatest of star historians cannot hope to have a monopoly of.—Super-excellence. —Fun.

HOME PRODUCE.

Mrs. Juggins read the other day that Captain Barnaby is taking his present journey by way of Kars. "For!" says the old lady, "them tramsways is everywhere; but if it's a poor soul only wanted trouble of that sort, why didn't he ride from Euston Road to Igit two or three times a day. He'd have found them one-horse boys as rides in front up the

"Inequal to any savages in Herzy Room or any other room that's out there, I'm sure." (And so he would.)

HIS WATCH.

An Englishman was recently conversing with an American on the subject of aristocracy and democracy here and in America.

"Sir," remarked the free and enlightened citizen, "you find in our country a number of upstarts who give themselves airs and boast of their ancestors, whereas they are, in truth, but shoddy mushrooms. Those of good family never brag. You see that watch, sir?"

"Certainly," said the Englishman—"a gold one?"

"Yes," replied Jonathan. "Now examine the date inside the cover?"

"1823," said the Britisher.

"Well, sir," remarked the other proudly, "that watch belonged to my grandfather, and yet I flatter myself I have never mentioned the circumstance to you before."

BLIND IN ONE EYE.

"GENTLEMEN, I can't lie about the horse. He is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a spectator who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty. After paying for the horse, he said, "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye—is there any other defect?" "Yes, sir, there is. He is also blind in the other," was the prompt reply.

A DULL farm hand being told to grease the wagon, came in a few hours after and said: "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks the wheels hangs on."

"THERE'S the mile dancing with the mile-stone," said a gentleman, pointing to a very tall man dancing with a very short lady.

A BRANCH LINE.

OLD LADY: If you please, I want to go to D.; must I take my ticket to E., or E. Junction?

TICKET CLERK (after consulting time-table in vain). Well, ma'am, you see D-is where it always was; and E. Junction, that's where it used to be; so if you takes your ticket to E. Junction, and inquires when you get there, you are sure to be right.

OLD LADY: Give me a first return.

CLERK: There you are, ma'am—serve you for a month.

TURKISH Baggage—An Imperial Hat-to Box.

—Judy.

SUITABLE Animal for the village Pound—The ounce.

—Judy.

EARLY Rising Movement—The recent floods.

—Judy.

SHOOTING EGGS.

WITH a revolver in each boot-leg and a gallon of California whisky under his hat, a miner was lounging in the streets of Deadwood City in the Black Hills, when a stranger happened to brush against him. Out came a pistol from the right boot, and up went the right arm with a flourish.

"Now look yer, everybody in this yer gulch; look at me and crawl! I'm Wild-Cat Tip from Bear Gulch. Git out here, a half a dozen of yer, and form a line of battle, 'cause I can't hold onto this yer hammer much longer; so trot 'em out!"

Some one in the crowd fired a pistol in the air, and simultaneously a rotten egg struck Tip between the eyes.

"I'm murdered!" he yelled, dropping his revolver, and falling heavily to the ground. In a moment he came to himself, and straightening up remarked, plaintively:

"Boys, let me see the calibre of the gun that shoots eggs."

THE DIFFERENCE.

A FRENCH artist, occupying the fifth floor of a house in the Quartier St. Georges, had complained times without number, but in vain, of the slippery state of the staircase, the steps being polished till they were slippery as ice. One morning, hearing the concierge give the polishers orders to leave his work for that day, the painter expressed his satisfaction.

"Well," said the porter, "the landlord is coming to pay us a visit to-day—you wouldn't have him to break his neck, would you?"

Two neighbours had a long dispute recently about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said:

"What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?"

"Your honour will see the use of it," replied the

lawyer, "when I inform you that both the parties are milkmen."

An old lady sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, let fall her Bible, with clasps to it; and the noise partly awakening her, she exclaimed:

"What! you've broken another jug, you slut, have you?"

Two country attorneys overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered, that his fore horse was his lawyer and the rest were his clients.

If a man makes himself a worm, he must not complain when he is trodden on.

The following definition, which occurs in most abridgments of Webster's "Dictionary," must be extremely satisfactory and instructive to a foreigner who is studying our language:

"Cook: Male bird, form of a hat, part of a gun, notch of an arrow, spout to draw beer, small heap of hay."

WHAT is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and always grows with its root upwards?—An icicle.

NOT GREEN.—A gentleman said, the other day, to a negro servant at the hotel where he was stopping:

"Bless me, Sambo, how in the name of wonder did you get so black?"

"Why, look a here, massa, de rosson an dis—de day dis child were born dere was an eclipse."

ENTREATED.

As, way-worn, thro' a fruitful land

We fare at pleasant eve-tide,

One greeteth us with outstretched hand,

And, urging, will not be denied—

Hospitably intent to win

Our weary feet to enter in,

And at his hearth abide!

Friendless, a stranger, alien born

Hot, sudden tears arise, and press

Thro' our worn eyelids, as forlorn,

And clothed in abject wretchedness,

We feel our hearts, world-hardened, move

With yearning gratitude and love

Our lips may not express!

So, He, the world's Redeemer, stands

A suppliant at sweet Mercy's door,

Entreating with His wounded hands

The sin-sick, desolate, and poor;

"Enter thou here, and find thy rest

Safe in the shelter of my breast,

Dear heart, for evermore!"

Cold, thankless heart, how often we

Thrust back His hand who loosed our thrall,

Endured the bitter penalty

And shame of our inglorious fall!

Thro' uttermost, self-seeking loss,

Bore from the shadow of the cross

Victorious crowns for all!

Dare we the Infinite Love disdain,

That, mocked, insulted and denied,

Yet drained, for us, the dregs of pain—

The agony of the Crucified?

"All, for his life, that a man hath,

He giveth," the Divine One saith—

And yet for us He died!

E. A. B.

GEMS.

WHEN friends come to see you uninvited, do your best to entertain them, but make no apology or comment; it sounds to your guest like a reproach for taking you unawares.

He is not so good as he should be, who does not strive to be better than he is.

Truth overcomes a falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

Consider your calling the most elevated and the most important; but never be above it.

Never marry a man because he is handsome; he will think too much of his own beauty to take pride in yours.

Never marry a man because he has wealth, "for riches take to themselves wings and fly away."

Marry a man for his good sense, amiable temper, his sound morals, his habits of industry and economy,

and you will then have a good husband, and your children will have a good father.

In order to have a good friend, we must become one.

The stars of Heaven shine brightest in the darkest night.

STATISTICS.

It is said that Sergeant Cox has been offered £200,000 for the property at Sergeant's Inn, which he recently purchased for £57,000. Large profits and quick returns.

CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—In the year 1876, duty was paid on 29,590,288 gallons of home-made spirits for consumption as beverage in the United Kingdom. This quantity is less by 155,819 gallons than that of the preceding year. The 16,438,135 gallons for consumption in England show a decrease of 304,633 gallons; but the 6,971,133 gallons for Scotland show an increase of 98,668 gallons, and the 6,541,015 gallons for Ireland an increase of 50,146 gallons. The 11,487,795 proof gallons of foreign spirits (not sweetened or mixed) entered for consumption in the United Kingdom in 1876 were 294,855 gallons less than the quantity in the preceding year. The two returns together show a total decrease of more than 450,000 gallons.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—Grate some rich old cheese, and, having mixed the omelette as usual, stir in the cheese with a swift turn or two of the wrist, and at the same time some chopped parsley and thyme. If it is beaten a long time the cheese will separate the milk from the eggs. Cook at once.

GOLDEN Pudding.—Half a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of suet, quarter of a pound of marmalade, quarter of a pound of sugar, four eggs; mix the suet and breadcrumbs in a basin, finely minced, stir all the ingredients well together, beat the eggs to a froth; when well mixed put in a mould or buttered basin, tied down with a floured cloth, and boil two hours. Serve with powdered sugar over it.

PASTE FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.—Dissolve a small quantity in cold water, and then cook it thoroughly. Be careful not to get it too thick. When cold, it should be thin enough to apply with a brush. It will not mould or stain the paper. It is the kind used by the daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures.

LINEN.—A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colours of black or coloured cambrics, or muslins, from running, and does not harden the water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE OF CATS.—For pets they are superior to dogs, owing to their quiet habits, beauty, sleekness, playful ways, and a certain niceness, fitting them for parlour company. Petrarch had his cat, when dead, embalmed, and Rousseau shed some really genuine tears over the loss of his. When Dr. Johnson's cat was ill—"Great Bear" though he was called—he nevertheless nursed it night and day, and went himself for the oysters with which he tempted its returning appetite.

LAZY FARMERS.—Laziness prevents a man from getting off his horse to put on the first rail that gets knocked off the fence, and through the lazy neglect a whole field of corn is seriously damaged. Laziness keeps a man from driving one nail when one would do, and finally costs a carpenter's bill for extensive repairs. Laziness allows a gate to be off the hinges, to lie in the mud, or stand propped by rails, or a barn door to leak and damage hundreds of shillings worth of provender. Laziness, in short, is the right and proper name for nine-tenths of the excuses given for bad farming. But far the most prolific of the many wastes that are due to laziness is the waste of ignorance.

THE work now in hand at the Hastings Baths and Aquarium will comprise the two swimming baths originally designed. This portion of the work will be pushed on with most vigorously during the ensuing spring, and a hope is entertained that the baths will be open to the public some time in the course of the next winter season. This done, it will be for the shareholders to decide whether they will proceed with the aquarium part of the scheme, or use the ground for other purposes.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page
MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT ... 553	HOUSEHOLD TERA- SURES ... 575
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS ... 558	CORRESPONDENCE... 576
THE GOLDEN BOWL... 558	
HOW TO GET MARKED ... 559	
RICHARD FEMBERTON, OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE ... 559	HIS EVIL GENIUS commenced in ... 700
A PLEASANT KITCHEN ... 560	RICHARD FEMBERTON; OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE, commenced in ... 708
COMEDY OF ERRORS ... 561	WHY SHE FORGOT HIM, OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH... 712
SOUND SLEEP ... 561	THE GOLDEN BOWL commenced in ... 719
A MATRIMONIAL FAIR ... 562	MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT, com- menced in ... 722
WHY SHE FORGOT HIM, OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH... 562	THE FOREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE ... 723
DEBIL DARE; OR, THE BOSS OF BALLYMO- LAN ... 565	
THE FOREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE ... 568	
SCIENCE ... 569	
HIS EVIL GENIUS ... 570	
LOVE AND HONOUR ... 571	
FACTS ... 574	
STATISTICS ... 575	
GEMS ... 575	
MISCELLANEOUS... 575	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

LEO.—It is rather difficult to define what constitutes a gentleman, but the following are some of the characteristics: No gentleman will ever boast of a superior education in the presence of one who has not had the same privileges as himself; he will never boast of good health before an invalid, or speak of good fortune before one bent down under misfortune's heavy stroke; he will strive to attain nobleness of soul and manliness of character. Truthfulness, integrity, and politeness mark a gentleman—truthfulness in action as well as word. He must also possess a good temper.

B. B.—You gave very judicious advice to the young lady, and she acted wisely in following it. Had she destroyed the letter instead of returning it the writer might never have known that his impertinent addresses were treated with the contempt they deserved.

E. M.—We cannot undertake to pass opinions on the pieces of poetry sent to us, nor to specify the reason why we reject any of them. The non-appearance of a piece of poetry in our columns should be taken by the writer as a proof that we do not consider it up to the standard qualifying it for publication.

G. G.—To strengthen the voice—Raw eggs are useful for clearing and strengthening the voice, and are excellent food for weakly persons. A raw egg (if fresh) is more easily digested than any other article of food.

JESSE.—A married man who can act in the manner described is certainly one whose principles are not what they should be, and whose sense of marital duty is extremely weak. Let no such man be trusted, we say: and a young lady who submits to receive his osculatory salutes and amatory tokens of remembrance is decidedly open to censure.

C. T.—Tournaments were first introduced into Germany by the Emperor Henry, surnamed the Fowler, who died in 936. He was allowed to be the greatest prince and ablest statesman of his time in Europe. Amongst other ordinances relating to these sports, he forbade the admission of any person to joust who could not prove his nobility for four descents. This prince was so solicitous to promote valour and increase the military strength of his kingdom that he published a general amnesty in favour of all thieves and banditti, provided they would enlist in his armies; those who took advantage of this he actually formed into a regular troop. The first tournament in Germany was at Madgeburgh, in Lower Saxony. There was a great difference between the tilt and the tournament, which consisted in this: A tournament was a prelude of war, and fought by many persons together, with blunted weapons, whereas jousts could only be fought by two. These last were often used for the purpose of duels and military trials of offences.

HENRY.—Sobriety is an indispensable qualification. A drunkard is not to be trusted, and is unworthy to fill any situation. One dram in the morning will destroy health sooner than two drams in the evening, and dram-drinking, though it may cheer at the moment, is destructive in the end. It leads men to spend their money idly, to frequent public-houses, and to keep them poor, besides rendering them unfit for their work.

Y. E.—For scurf or dandruff, wash the head twice a week with warm water and soap, afterwards washing with cold water, and always use the brush frequently.

B. M.—Do nothing contrary to the proper wishes of your parents. They are your best advisers, for they can have nothing in view but your prosperity and happiness.

M. P.—You can go and take your goods wherever you can find them; your wife has no right to remove them. If any man helped her you can give him into custody. You can take your child from her if it is seven years of age.

S. M.—It is possible.

LOWER DECK, RIGGING, AND STARBOARD, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Lower Deck is twenty-one, good-looking. Rigging is twenty-one, fair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Starboard is twenty, dark brown eyes, fond of home.

C. G. and G. S., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. C. G. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. G. S. is twenty-one, medium height, fair.

ALICIA, nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a fair, good-looking young man, fond of home and music.

G. A. and G. B., two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. G. A. is twenty, good-looking, medium height. G. B. is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and dark.

NANCY M. and KATE W., two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Nancy M. is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Kate W. is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, brown eyes.

J. W., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking.

BILL and MIKE, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Bill is twenty-four, brown hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Mike is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-tempered, and about their own age.

A. C. and A. L. S. wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. A. C. is seventeen, dark hair and eyes. A. L. S. is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two.

A LITTLE FABLE.

From out a silvery cloud
A single drop of rain
Went swiftly coursing down
And fell into the main.

"Alack!" then said the drop,
"How little I appear
Amid the wondrous mass
Of fluid round me here!"

"I surely shall be lost,
Because I think that He
Who dwells above cares nought
For such a mite as me."

Just then an oyster gaped
That happened there to dwell,
And drew the helpless drop
Of rain into its shell.

The world shut out, it lay
For years imprisoned there;
Meantime, 'twas changed into
A pearl exceeding fair.

One day a diver came,
Who there was searching round,
And this transmuted drop
Then luckily he found.

Soon from the diver's hands
It journeyed on apace,
Right on it journeyed till
It reached its destined place.

And now the rain-drop is
A peerless, priceless gem,
The crowning gem upon
A royal diadem.

M. K.

B. P., twenty-two, light brown hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-three. Respondents must be in a good position.

O. M. and M. M., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. O. M. is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. M. M. is twenty-seven, medium height.

G. G., thirty-five, good-looking, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-three. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

R. R., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair, and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be in a good position.

S. U. B., twenty-five, good-looking, tall, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

NELLY B., seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of society.

JACK D., a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark, grey eyes. He is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

F. E. W., twenty-three, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-two, thoroughly domesticated.

MIRIAM, eighteen, tall, fond of home and children, fair, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with a gentleman about twenty-eight.

JULIETTE and MAYA, two friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young gentlemen. Juliette is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Maya is twenty-four, tall, brown hair, blue eyes. They are both good-looking. Tradesmen preferred.

W. W. and T. T., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. W. W. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition. T. T. is twenty-two. Both are educated.

M. C. W., a seaman in the Royal Navy, thirty-six, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be about twenty-nine, fond of home.

LOVING MIMI, eighteen, brown hair, brown eyes, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, hazel eyes.

M. F. and N. F., two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. M. F. is nineteen, medium height, good-looking. N. F. is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.

G. E. D., twenty, good-looking, fair, would like to receive carte-de-visites of a young lady between seventeen and eighteen. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition.

JENNIE S., twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, and of a loving disposition.

DICK and TIM, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Dick is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. Tim is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and children.

G. F. and B. F., two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. G. F. is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. B. F. is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

B. C. is responded to by—Alfred D., nineteen, good-looking, dark hair.

A. H. M. by—Amy, eighteen, medium height, thinks she is all he requires.

CHARLES by—Gerty B., twenty-five, dark, thoroughly domesticated.

H. P. by—K. T., considered good-looking, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

TOM by—Alice, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair, and of a loving disposition.

T. M. by—Nellie, sixteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

TOBY by—Mary, nineteen, good-looking, fair, medium height.

M. M. by—Annie, seventeen.

EMMA by—Michael, nineteen, light hair, grey eyes, and fond of home.

AURICULAR by—C. D. B., twenty-four, tall, considered good-looking.

ALICE by—Charlie, fair, medium height.

ELKANAH by—Quack, tall and dark.

VIOLET by—William, a sailor in the Royal Navy, fair, tall, curly hair, of a loving disposition. Thinks he is all she requires.

ALL the BACK NUMBERS, PARTS, and VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Post-free for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free, Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

LIFE and FASHION, Vols. 1 and 2, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence each.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

***. Now Ready VOL. XXVII. of THE LONDON READER Price 4s. 6d.**

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. XXVII. Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 129 (March) Now Ready, Price Sixpence. Post Free, Eightpence.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

†† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & CO.